

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1849.

BEAUTY'S BATH.

Our plate for the present month, the last of the current year, is, in our opinion, really magnificent; and by this we do not mean any thing less than that the engraving is done in the very first style of the art. Some of our previous plates, we are free to confess, have been but ordinary pictures, and one or two have appeared in the Repository during our editorial administration, which, had it been possible, we should have never used. We refer more particularly to the engraving which appeared in our periodical for July, 1847, and which we knew, at the time, would bring down a rich blessing on our unoffending head from our contemporaries. The engraving is called "The Morning Walk;" and, if the reader has in her possession volume seventh of the Repository, and will turn to the engraving in question, she will agree with the editor, that the mother and child, who are taking their morning walk through the woods and fields, are both actually larger and taller than the trees themselves, as exhibited in the picture.

But, while we have no hesitancy thus to speak plainly about the rather indifferent character of some of our previous engravings, we are equally disposed to affirm that the majority of our plates are good, and some of them of a decidedly superior character. We have no disposition whatever to call the Ladies' Repository the star of western literature, the Blackwood of America, etc., as some periodicals have assumed to say of themselves. But, in justice to ourselves, we must say that, independent of the literary character of our work, we think we have just cause to be proud of our embellishments; and this we say particularly of our present plate. There is an exquisiteness of finish, a justness of detail, and a softness and elegance of execution in the engraving, which we deem incapable of improvement.

Let us, reader, take a moment or two, and examine the picture. The dog in the child's arms, it seems, is a genuine poodle, of the genus *canis anglicus*. Is it not a little singular that this same pug-dog, whom certain ladies love to pet, is strongly akin to the terrier and bull-dog? In the Edinburgh edition of the Naturalist's Library, volume tenth, page two hundred and thirtieth, we find that Sir

Wm. Jardine has placed the pug and alicant, or lap-dog, on the same footing, so far as external appearance is concerned, with the bull-terrier. In temper, however, the poodle, unlike the bull-dog, is not very valiant. A naturalist tells us a story of one of these little pets that was pinched severely by his master. At the first pinching he cowed down, without showing any signs of fight. At the second and third pinchings he still cowed, and, finally, seeing no end to his tortures, he yelled, at his full lungs' strength, and sued for peace, which, thus earnestly asked, was, of course, granted by his tormentor. The lap-dog, we believe, seldom shows much anxiety to get out of danger, and hardly ever becomes angry when teased.

Here, then, reader, is a lesson for us, taught us, too, by one of the most insignificant of the brute creation—a lesson, it is to be feared, which is rarely learned, or, if learned, as rarely practiced. How very common, and how very easy it is to get mad, and then to quarrel, and have a long train of difficulties, and all about nothing! Here it is. One man says something to another man, which the latter does not like; the second man gets irritated by the first man's talk; the first gets angry, because the second got angry, and so the matter goes on; words first, blows next, and a final separation as the end of the matter. What an animal is man! and how impatient of restraint is he! and how destitute of patience, compared even to the little pug-dog!

There the poor fellow is in the arms of that little girl, querling and trembling, lest the next moment he will be kicking for his life, in the water before him.

Rare sport, Miss Caroline, for you; but not much, save misery, for poor Fido!

Well, my dear girl, we had much rather see you ducking the little fellow than nursing, and kissing, and fussing over him; and we know that he would sooner thank you for a bath than for a kiss.

Another look, reader, at the fine bright eyes of the innocent little girl before you. Did you ever see any thing more natural? Really, there is something sweet in her expression, and it appears she *must* be a good-natured and a kind-hearted creature. Would you not be willing to own her for your sister, and lead and teach her through life?

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

BY A MOTHER.

I was greatly interested in your little family, and, had the opportunity presented, should have asked many questions about your management with your children. I cannot forbear asking whether the two younger are Christians, especially that dear little Master W. This reminds me of a circumstance which I wish to relate. On my return home, I dreamed one night that I corrected my youngest child, for some little offense, with a blow, when I had an overwhelming sense of its impropriety, and a voice seemed to say to me, "Children should be governed by love, not fear." The sensation produced was so powerful that I awoke. I seemed to be filled with love; yet still the voice seemed to say, "By love, not by fear." I believe that it was a heavenly message.

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your inquiries relative to our little family, I would say that we have indeed deemed it important

"Never to take the harsher way,
When love may do the deed."

We have endeavored to inspire, and to cherish in their young hearts, that love and confidence which you observe. It is certainly far more desirable to rule by love than by fear, if such may be. And it is my opinion that this may be done to a degree quite beyond what some parents imagine.

God is love; and it is our earnest desire that the atmosphere in which our children live and move may be *love*. We have dedicated our house to God, and we believe that he hears our prayer, when we ask that his presence may so abide with us that every principle contrary to the spirit of love may be reproved, and also that every one who enters our dwelling may feel the hallowing influences of the spirit of holiness. O, it is indeed our most importunate prayer that our house may be as a little sanctuary for the Lord of hosts, where his name may be served in the *beauty* of holiness; for holiness, in verity, hath its *beauties*, and, with David, my heart loves to dwell upon them, and to praise the beauty of holiness, whether exhibited in the holy temple of our God, or in the hearts of his people, or in the dwellings of the saints.

Before the routine of domestic duty for the day commences, I feel it to be a blessed privilege to present each member of our family, individually, before God, *through* Christ. I daily plead in behalf of my children the promise, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." I believe it my privilege to claim the *fulfillment* of this gracious promise; and I dare not conclude otherwise than that our covenant-keeping Jehovah is answerable to his promise.

We have dedicated our children to God, with an intention of devoting them, in some special manner, to his service; and we are endeavoring, in their entire moral and religious training, to act in reference to this dedication. To have them thoroughly furnished for every good word and work, so as to

secure their highest usefulness in the Church of Christ, is our utmost ambition.

But you may infer from this that it is needful that their natural inclinations should, at times, be crossed, to meet this point. In reference to gay society, and a sinful conformity to the world, in any particulars, expenditures in time, money, or dress, etc., we should think it proper to exercise parental *authority*, if there were a need-be for it. We are daily asking for wisdom from above to train them in the way in which they should go, hoping that we may not be permitted to train them in a way from which we should wish them to depart, or becoming themselves decidedly self-denying followers of the Savior.

"Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged," is an admonition which those who have the law of love written on the heart would greatly love to obey. So desirable is it that the household atmosphere may not be contaminated by any thing savoring of harshness, that I have sometimes feared Satan, transformed into an angel of light, succeeds, in this particular, in gaining over some parents, otherwise most lovely in their piety, from an impression that firmness in crossing the will of a child may bear away a heaven-begotten tranquility, whereas a tranquility which may not outlive an assailment of this kind proves itself not to have been purely heaven-born.

I imagine that the sin of Eli is far more prevalent than that arising from undue family restraint. The Lord said of faithful Abraham, "I know him, that he will *commend* his children and his household after him, and that they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken." We observe by this that the household government of Abraham stood closely connected with the fulfillment of the promises to him in the mind of the Eternal.

Love and firmness, equally blended, to me seem most essential in family government. Courageous Joshua says, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." From observing the course of some professors, I have concluded that they rather prefer the wounding of the cause of Christ than the wounding of the feelings of their children, or other members of their household. My heart, at times, has been deeply pained on witnessing the exhibition of this ignoble, wicked spirit, in some parents who have stood high in religious profession. Alas! for the oft-repeated times I have witnessed the bleeding cause of my precious Savior, in the house of his friends, through the failure of parents in restraining their children. Thus it was with Eli. If expostulation and entreaty were all that God required, Eli does not appear to have been particularly deficient. Doubtless his sin was here; he did not, with faithful Abraham, command his children.

You inquire relative to the religious state of my two youngest children, whether they are Christians? I do not feel quite prepared to answer this

question directly. But we have had much to encourage us, especially within the few past months. Were you praying for us, as a family, on the evening I parted with you? I should much love to have you answer this question. While at supper, soon after my return home, an unusual sense of the Divine favor came upon me. I felt sure that some friend of Jesus had, in his pleadings with him in behalf of myself and family, prevailed. A heaven of love and sweetness filled, not only my own soul, but the very atmosphere seemed to be filled with the joyous presence of God.

It being later than our usual hour for supper, all the members of my family, (with the exception of the two youngest, who had retired for the night,) soon after my return, went to Church. I lingered awhile in the parlor, and, about 8 o'clock, went up to the sleeping apartments, supposing that the children had for some time been asleep; but, to my surprise, I was summoned to P.'s room by an earnest call from her. On going to her, I observed her eyes looked as though, for some time, she had been weeping bitterly, but she was now smiling amid her tears.

"O, ma," she exclaimed, "I have been asking God for a new heart, and he has given it to me."

I questioned her, and could see no reason to doubt but that the Lord had indeed visited her with his salvation. After she had given this recital of her confidence in God, she, with a hesitating manner, said,

"But Satan told me something very naughty."

"What was it, daughter? tell ma."

She drew back, as though the dread of repeating his foul suggestions were instinctive, and then replied,

"He said that I should never go to heaven; but I asked the Lord, and he said, if I would only be good, and love him, and serve him, I should go to heaven."

She seemed happy indeed in the love of the Savior, and the whole house seemed filled with his blissful presence. But I was not permitted to remain long in her room, being urged away by an importunate call from little W. On going to him he said,

"O, ma, I want to pray something more than my own prayers."

I found that he also was under the special influences of the Holy Spirit; and I continued with him some time, instructing him in answer to his many inquiries—such inquiries as, I am sure, could not have been prompted but by Him who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In consequence of having been detained out, as I believe, in the order of God, I had not been privileged with my usual Sabbath evening season for conversing with these little ones. For this cause I was the more surprised to find them under these remarkable influences, as they evidently had not been induced by any external circumstances. The

accuser had suggested that, in not being with them when they retired, an obvious duty had been neglected for that which might be questioned; but, on finding them so unexpectedly receiving the holy teachings of the Spirit, the gracious Comforter brought to grateful remembrance the words of the poet;

"Fix on his work thy steadfast eye;
So shall thy work be done."

Not but that the religious instruction of our children stand *first* among our obligations, yet, like as David with the shew-bread, or the disciples in the cornfield, circumstances may, in the providence of God, intervene, to cross the regular routine of duty.

I have given this narrative, in part, in answer to the inquiry, *Are your two younger children Christians?* I desire rather that the answer may be inferred, as I feel some hesitation in answering directly in the affirmative. But I feel sweet satisfaction in saying, that, from their *earliest* existence, they have been irrevocably given up to God by their parents. We fully believe that the Lord, in some special manner, recognizes the surrender, and gives the more direct influences of the Holy Spirit as a consequence of this their early dedication. From the dawn of reason, they have manifested, most of the time, much interest when I have conversed with them on the subject of religion.

One evening, some months since, little W. rose up in bed, and, in a serious manner, as though his mind had been deeply engaged with the question, said,

"Ma, what is it to give my heart to God?"

There was something so striking in the manner of his asking the question, that my heart was much moved. Bishop —, whom I knew to be most happy in his manner of talking with children, was in the adjoining room, and I threw a shawl around my dear boy and took him in. The Bishop sat him upon his knee, and, in his own peculiarly lucid, and affectionate manner, told our little darling *just* how he might give his heart to God—what was implied in doing so, and of the loveliness of the Savior, and his willingness to receive little children—to all of which the little one seemed understandingly, and with much satisfaction, to assent by an emphatic *yes*, at the close of each sentence; for, a little time after I returned with him to his chamber, he seemed rather absorbed in thoughtfulness, and then, in an impressive manner, said,

"I give my heart to Jesus Christ."

The manner in which this was uttered, and the way in which it affected my heart, can never be forgotten. O, it was a memorable period! since which, when questioned on the subject, he replies, "I have given my heart to God."

He, for a long time, has steadily maintained that he will be a minister. You know such little creatures are frequently asked, what they intend to be. In answer to such inquiries, W. replies, almost invariably, "I mean to be a minister, if God will make me one;" and frequently adds, "I hope he will."

Perhaps you may think our views somewhat novel, and possibly some may question their expediency. But we have set him apart for the work of the ministry, with the prayerful expectation that the great Head of the Church may call him, aware that no man "taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." I know not why a praying Hannah may not now present the son of her desire, as her choicest offering to God, for the performance of temple service, expecting, ay, and even, in the realization of faith, enjoying the assurance of gracious acceptance. Are we to conclude that it was the design of God that the hand-maiden of ancient days should stand alone in the *realization* of her faith for the son of her vow? for surely she stands not alone in her desires. Were such prayers, and faith, and vows more frequent, doubtless many more thoroughly-furnished ambassadors for Christ would be thrust into the vineyard.

"The harvest is great, but the laborers are few;" and, in view of the need of faithful laborers, it seems most reasonable in its moral bearings, and surely is not unauthorized by the spirit of the word, that pious parents should thus set their children apart, not with an intention of being absolute in their determinations, but in order that their entire training may be directed in such a way as may best fit them for the service of God. If, in after life, the thus devoted one does not feel that he is moved by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel, he will, by pious culture, have been fitted for any other work in the vineyard to which God may appoint.

"But may not this exclusive training lead to an unfitness, in habit and thought, for the ordinary avocations of life?"

I do not believe Paul's labors at the tent-making business injured his spirituality, but, on the contrary, was rather helpful than otherwise toward begetting a sympathy for those who, of necessity, were more habitually engaged in secular employments. Thus, while it served to unbend his mind occasionally from the severer duty of mental discipline, it also taught him how to suit his services better to the laboring portion of his hearers. It is therefore I would not maintain the necessity of exclusiveness, relative to ordinary pursuits in this separation for the work of God; but if one, after being thus, "through desire, separated," is not chosen, it would be unlike any case I have yet met with.

In reference to our dear W. we cannot help treasuring in our hearts things which look so like his having already received a baptism into the spirit of his work. This morning he said, in an earnest tone,

"I wish I was in Mexico, (Mexico,) for they fight there!"

I was troubled at a saying so unlike himself, and, conjecturing that he had been listening to some naughty conversation, replied somewhat chidingly, "Why, W., wish you were in Mexico? Yes, they do fight there; it is wicked to fight; and if they do

not take care, they will all get to the bad place together!"

"I thought that I might go there, and tell them so," he replied, in a softened tone.

On Sabbath morning a boy was crying Sunday morning news through the street; and, as he was passing our door, W. came to me with a saddened countenance, saying,

"Ma, do you not think I had better run after him, and tell him that it is wicked to sell papers on Sunday? Perhaps he has had no father or mother to tell him so."

Such conversations might be multiplied, but I forbear, and notice only these little specimens to give an idea of the manner in which his mind is habitually influenced, and that you may infer that God is not unmindful of the dedication which we have made of our children to his service.

There is yet another practice, which we deem among the most important in the maintenance of family government: it is by adopting modes as interesting as we can devise, in storing the minds of our children with portions of Scripture. If we may but be instrumental in having our children "sanctify the Lord of hosts *himself*," in their hearts, and to "let *him* be their fear and their dread," the end of our training will be met. I will give you an idea of some of these expedients, and the success attending them.

While surrounding the table, partaking of temporal food, husband or myself have said, "'It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God doth man live.' Who will now give us a portion of the word of life?" At once each one is longing to be first in responding. On other occasions one is asked for a verse commencing with A; the next in order for one commencing with B; the next C; and thus, in succession, until the alphabet is completed.

Much is gained by these procedures, both with adults and children, especially with the latter. Not only is a very profitable and interesting entertainment enjoyed, but a laudable ambition is excited. At least, thus have we found it with ourselves, and with the guests with which we have, from time to time, been favored. Among the most ready in repeating texts are the youngest members of our family. It is not unusual to hear them exclaim, with delight, "O, I have found a *new* A, B, or C," as the case may be.

At the breakfast table this morning, my eldest daughter, with eyes glistening with satisfaction, said, "I have learned a new F." She then repeated, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Yesterday, in like manner, one exclaimed, "I have a new A: 'All Scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness.'" An interesting discussion followed, in

which it was questioned whether the text had been repeated *quite* correct, which was settled by every one within hearing being made fully acquainted with the perfect reading of the text. Other modes might be mentioned, by bringing texts to prove particular subjects, etc. But I may not now enlarge.

The importance of a careful attention to the duty which I would urge is most evident from the Scripture. "And the words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart," is not more authoritative than that which enjoins, "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up; and thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes; and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates." With such a requisition from the mouth of the Lord before us, surely any plan that may be devised to give prominence to the Scriptures in the minds of our children is important. We have found that not only the attention of our children, but also of the attendants, and other members of our household, has been gained by this process.

I may appear to have digressed; but I have yet to inform you *just* how I have found the plan of storing the minds of my children with Scripture truth subservient to the interest of family government. By the blessing of the Lord on this process, I believe I may now say that my little ones have measurably learned to "sanctify the Lord of hosts *himself* in their hearts." Many times have I had occasion to hope that he *alone* was their fear and their dread.

Let me give you a glance of about my usual way of administering reproof, and the manner of its being received, by furnishing an example which occurred two or three days since. Little W., who is not yet five years old, was the delinquent.

"W., dear, did not ma say that you ought not to do so?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What sort of a boy, then, were you in doing this?"

"Disobedient."

"What does God say about disobedience?"

"He says, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.'"

"Who, then, has W. disobeyed?"

"God."

At this point the tears came in the dear little fellow's eyes, and he looked very sad, every look and action bespeaking that his sorrow arose from having offended God.

I am not quite sure whether it was on this occasion, or another quite similar, when he said,

"But I forgot."

"But what will become of you if you forget God?"

"I shall be wicked, and he will punish me."

"What does God say about the wicked, and them that forget him?"

He did not repeat the passage quite right, but made an attempt to repeat,

"The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God."

Little W.'s mother felt that he needed no greater punishment at that time than that which his conscience inflicted.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY M. A. HESTER.

Ah! ah! who loves the orphan boy?

Who smiles when he draws near?

Who speaks to him a kindly word,

Or sheds for him a tear?

I bow'd me to a man of wealth,

And prayed "an orphan's aid;"

He spurned with his cutting breath,

Nor deign'd a crumb of bread.

Before the mansion of the great

I stood, and rapp'd the door;

A pampered menial cried, "*Begone!*"

Alas! what could I more?

The chilling wind was on my cheek,

My heart was sick and faint—

Methought the very rocks might feel,

And list to my complaint.

I met a lady—ah, who knows

What founts of love may rise,

And gush in tend'rest sympathy

From such pure, sparkling eyes?

"Ah, lady—O my mother's dead—

My father—all, save one;

And I'm a helpless child, the heir

Of hopeless poverty.

And wilt thou, O say, wilt thou not

Deign hear my mournful wail?

Thou canst not, lady, bar thy heart

Against an orphan's tale."

She turned away: "O do not turn;

Stay, stay, for pity's sake!"

My eyes grew dim, my brain ran wild;

I thought my heart would break.

She turn'd, turn'd scornfully away,

And left me to my fate!

O, lot of misery and woe,

The orphan's hopeless state!

Ah! ah! who loves the orphan boy?

Who smiles when he draws near?

Who thrills him with a note of joy,

Or sheds for him a tear?

MISCELLANIA.

—
BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.—
AUTUMN.

SUMMER is gone, and Autumn is throwing her sober drapery over nature. The early frost has touched the maple with its crimson pencil. The leaves of the beech look brown. The locust-leaves are falling along the foot-path. The ripe and mellow apple is dropping from its parent branch, and the ripened corn hangs earthward from its stock. The summer flowers are all gone. On the hill, and in the valley, I find nothing of bloom, but the bright golden rod, and the purple aster. I miss the flowers that all summer have bloomed along my path, and shed their fragrance about my solitary study. I miss the summer birds, that built their nests among the trees of Rosabower, and sang to me morning, noon, and evening, in gentle and plaintive tones, chiming in harmony with my own pensive emotions. The birds that passed along in spring, and tarried with us a day, are come back again. The very same little sparrow, that came along in the spring, and sung for a day on the cedar-bush by my side, seems to have returned again on her southern migration. She has been north, perhaps to build her nest in the evergreen bower endeared to my heart by the recollections of childhood. Poor bird! she is alone, and the tones of her song seem unusually plaintive. I fear some naughty boy has shot her mate, and some voracious hawk pounced on her little ones. Bring you tidings, sweet bird, from my native bower? Flows the brook by as cheerful, bloom the flowers as beautiful, shines the sun as mild, and are the firs as green, as in the joyous and haleyon days of yore? Hast thou sung a requiem over the grave of some dear friend of mine—the friend of early days—the ever true, and reliable, and unchanging friend—the same in age as in youth, the same in adversity as in prosperity, the same absent as present? Is thy subdued and plaintive note, so congenial to my heart, designed to betoken bereavement? Leave me not yet, little bird. I will harm you not. Sing to me awhile, then go your way, trusting in Providence. When again you go to the north, to spend the summer, sing for me one song from the pine, that, years ago, I planted over the grave of the gentle-spirited and affectionate one, who led me by the hand in tottering childhood, and, by her counsel, protected my youthful heart from vicious influences. Pass on now, little bird, pass on to a milder clime; and may He, without whose notice no "sparrow falls," protect thee from harm!

Sad are the remembrances which this autumn brings to many a heart. The summer has been beautiful, gorgeously beautiful; the skies have been clear, the atmosphere temperate, and the fields green; but sickness has fallen, like a blight, over all the west, and death has swept many thousands to the grave. Strange is it that the fairest climes

should be the most fatal to human life, and the most bland breezes the most deadly. Who would expect sickness and death to be floating on the mild and gentle zephyr that breathes so softly over the fair landscapes of the west? Yet the wail of woe has gone up from many a home, as one after another of the household has fallen a victim to the insidious destroyer.

Autumn reminds us of the changes which time has wrought on objects of the dearest interest to our hearts. What is the lesson which the incessant changes of earth are designed to teach us? Is it the design of Providence to attract our affections away from earth to heaven? It may be so. How hard it is to cease to love, even after the object of love is removed for ever away. Alas! who that has felt can describe the power of human affection? In the buoyancy of youth, while the heart is versatile, and new objects of interest are ever presenting themselves, we feel but slightly the effects of earth's changes. Bereavement, if it fall upon us, seldom affects us so deeply as in maturer life. But, when gray hairs creep over our temples, and the renewing powers of life and of the affections grow less active, we feel more keenly and more permanently the pain of sundering the ties that bind the heart to the objects of love. And it seems strange, too, that in mature life the memory of objects of endearment, that lived and died long ago, returns to us with saddening vividness. It is not true that time heals the wounds that sorrow makes in the heart: at least, it is not true of all. The memory of the loved and the lost will rush upon us in spite of all the guards we throw around us. Pictures of beings animate and inanimate will revive, even after we suppose time must have effaced every lineament, and dimmed every color. There gathers around us, at last, an oppressive accumulation of sad remembrances. The old apple tree on the hillside, beneath whose fruitful branches, in childhood, we played, now decayed and removed; the grand old elm before the door, now fallen by the axe of some vandal clown; the pine, transplanted by our own hands from the woods to the garden, now branchless and prostrate; the evergreen bower, where, in childhood, we kneeled before God in solitary devotion, now swept over by fire, or occupied by a noisy mill; these all return to the chambers of memory, and utter in the ear of the soul sad and mournful tones. There are other objects of early attachment, whose memory sometimes returns in age: the pet-lamb, the playful kitten, the faithful dog, and the gentle horse. But with a deeper thrill, and more overwhelming power, comes back the memory of the protectors, companions, and friends of the past. Say you, who were left motherless in early life, does the memory of the mother fade away from your soul? Loved one, have you forgotten

the little brother and the little sister, who passed, long ago as you can remember, to the spirit-land? Childless one, will you, can you ever forget, or cease to regret, the beauteous beings that once clustered about your fireside, but now lie side by side in the church-yard? The heart that is a heart, and not a stone, or a lump of metallic coin, can never forget the objects of affection. In the busy whirl of life our conceptions of the past may be invisible, even to ourselves; but there are occasions on which they will stand out bright and vivid, covering, with their well-marked forms and proportions, all the tablet of the soul.

It cannot be the design of Providence that we should forget objects once dear to us. Had such been his design, he surely would have given us a constitution of moral nature in accordance therewith. Some good is surely intended by this constitution of undying love for even the inanimate objects of nature, and still more for the sensitive beings ever crossing our pathway along the journey of life. Even the sadness and melancholy that sometimes throw their deep and motionless shadows over the soul of the sensitive, are not without their benign influences. By the sorrows of life the mind is mellowed, and the soul refined, and rendered more impressible by religious influences.

THE MINIATURE

Before me lies a Daguerrian group of three little girls, of beauteous feature, and childlike drapery. The picture has faded some little in color, but the outline is yet perfect, presenting the little angel-band just as it appeared, years ago, gathered about the cheerful fireside. The pictured group alone remains, the living originals being scattered to distant homes. On looking on the picture, and then on the originals, I am deeply impressed with the changes which a few years have effected in the form and feature of the beauteous sisterhood, who used to sing so merrily about their home. Day by day, and hour by hour, have the features of childhood been yielding to replacement by those of maturity. There is now on that serious and thoughtless countenance hardly a trace of the merry and careless gladsomeness of childhood. The mind is changed not less than the feature. The feelings, the taste, the opinions, are all modified, and more or less changed. Not even the features of the countenance, nor the affections of the mind, remain constant. It is vain to expect the tastes and the sentiments of childhood to be reproduced in maturity. Each period of life—childhood, youth, maturity, and age—has its own resources of pleasure, and its own chosen associates; nor usually do the same persons prove spirits congenial with us through more than one period of life. The memory of early friendships may never be lost. We may still cherish, through life, an early friend. But often the continuance of our partiality is owing only to the pleasant associations of childhood's remembrances. Permanent and unchanging congeniality can only be secured by continued familiar intercourse, and

similarity of mental direction, and moral cultivation.

On meeting, after a separation of years, with a friend of childhood, we are often grieved and disappointed at the mutual change in our relations. We cannot call back that ecstasy of pleasure we reciprocally enjoyed in our early intercourse. We are changed, and we are conscious of the change. The change is effected by a law of nature, a law including in its folds the physical, the mortal, and the moral constitution.

The only method of securing ourselves against disappointment, is to bring ourselves constantly nearer the great standard of moral perfection and holy love, on which the eye of the soul should be always fixed. Only by becoming every day better and better, and by approaching nearer and nearer the standard of human excellence, may we hope to preserve the relations of congeniality, which often spring up between the ingenuous and pure-minded.

There have been, perhaps, those among us, whose souls seemed born in the same mold as our own. God sometimes gives us, to cheer us for awhile on the pathway of life, some companion, of peculiar congeniality with ourselves; some angel visitor, in human form, appears, walks gently by our side, becomes the sharer of our joys and sorrows, reciprocates our love, and thoroughly understands and comprehends us. The soul is satisfied, and we are happy.

A sad change comes over us. The congenial being is called away to another sphere, and we are left again alone. Like old Jacob, when bereaved, or Rachel mourning for her children, we refuse to be comforted. Despairing of earth, we look forward in hope of reunion in a better world, with the loved one of the heart gone before us to the spirit-land. That hope of reunion, and of renewal of happy intercourse, can only be realized by our incessant striving for the good and the true. And even though we labor diligently for improvement in moral goodness, the earlier saved may become far in advance of us, and, though younger in years, yet greatly our superior in goodness. Then, if the gentle and lovely one whom Providence sent,

"More than all things else to love us,"

has been early removed from us to heaven, we must, in hope of a happy reunion, strive for great proficiency in moral goodness, that, when we meet again, there may not be found great disparity in our moral tastes.

THE SOUL.

THE soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast;
A spark which upward tends by nature's force;
A stream, divided from its parent source;
A drop, dissever'd from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.

"OUR DECLARATION."

BY ANNETTA.

THE principles of our Declaration of Independence are the admiration of the world. Kings and emperors have scanned the "glorious document" with glistening eyes; the subjects of despotism have read it with glowing hearts; and we, to whom it has been the instrument of freedom and happiness, look upon it with gratitude and love; yea, we profess to *love* its principles, and we rejoice to see them scattered over our sister continent, causing the foundations of monarchy and tyranny to give way before their benign influence.

There is one feature in it upon which our chief national boast is founded: "All men are created free and equal." This is the glory of our young republic; upon this level foundation it has risen, until it stands in importance among the first nations of the earth. Our political economy recognizes no distinction of grade or cast; it calls no man "lord," or "sir," or "count." It favors alike each of the sons of our favored soil; and royal blood and royal prerogatives, are terms unknown to us. But, whilst this beautiful sentiment pervades our national institutions, and is acted upon in our halls of legislation, is it so in general society? In our cities are there not "classes," the boundaries of which are seldom overstepped? Do we never hear the English word "aristocracy," or the French phrase, "*haut ton*," claimed by some, and used by others in reference to them? There must be distinctions in all society; such as the literate and the illiterate, the wealthy and indigent, etc.; but there are at least three classes in our large cities who never mingle, because of a supposed difference in rank. A fine comment, truly, upon our text.

We, as a nation, glory much in our independence. How grateful we are, and ought to be, that we are not the vassals of an earthly tyrant! We have become so thoroughly imbued with this national sentiment, that it is conspicuous in our private character; and, though we think that ladies should not boast of their independence, yet we cannot but admire them the more for possessing a portion of it. It certainly is an admirable trait; and when we see a lady, depending solely upon her own labors for support, is she not independent, in a high sense of the word? O, how deplorable is that aristocratic notion, which causes some young ladies (professedly Christian, too) to *think* that they can look down upon such! In the opinion of some, these truly independent females ought to be excluded from "good society." Again: if a young man is introduced to them, they are anxious to ascertain what his occupation is. A mechanic shocks them; a butcher or a baker cannot be graciously looked upon. Why is this? Are these not respectable and honorable employments? How many of our most acceptable and successful ministers have been raised from the shoe-bench to the sacred desk! How many

have risen from these lower walks of life to the distinguished paths of literature and science! There is nothing inherently disgraceful in any honest employment, however humble; and, if we profess to be the true followers of Him who left the throne of the Highest to become the "meek and lowly" companion of the lowliest of earth-born children, we will not only "mind them of high estate, but descend to them of low degree."

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

BY JOHN F. MARSH.

ONE thing is needful for the *young*:

The morning of life's day
With pleasure's poison flow'r is hung,
Along a shining way;
And it is needful for the *old*,

When the fire burneth low
Within the time-worn heart, and beats
The life-pulse still and slow!

One thing is needful for the *poor*,
To whom the world denies
Its fading wealth—they may secure

A more enduring prize.
And it is needful for the *rich*;
For gold has never given
A title to the tree of life—

An entrance into heaven!

One thing is needful for the *great*,
Who sit enthroned in pow'r;
The pillars of the mightiest state
May crumble in an hour!
And it is needful, though our way

Obscurity may hide,
That we may rise from earth's dull clay,
Redeemed and purified!

One thing is needful when in health,
As when the cheek grows pale;
Religion is this needful wealth,
This fount which cannot fail—
A fount which flows so deep and wide

That earth may plunge therein,
And rise from its impurled tide,
Free from the stain of sin!

SABBATH.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor; hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The sythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
That yesternoon bloom'd waving in the breeze.
The faintest sound attracts the ear—the hum
Of early bee—the trickling of the dew—
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems thron'd on yon unmoving hill.

GRAHAME.

FACT VERSUS FICTION.

BY J. C. P.

NOVEL-READING is one of the sins of the age. At no period, probably, has the thirst for works of fiction been greater than at the present. The land is flooded with the productions of such men as Bulwer, Marryatt, and James, to the exclusion, in too many instances, of works infinitely superior in moral teaching and influence, and in almost every thing that constitutes true literary merit. That such should be the case is not so much a matter of surprise, as that numbers of persons, whose opinions we are bound to respect in other matters, should countenance their circulation, and virtually lend them their influence. This we conceive to arise either from a misconception of the literary merit of other works, or, else, from an over-estimate of the real excellence of works of fiction; or, more probably, it is due to a vitiated taste, rendered so by a too familiar acquaintance with the light literature of the day. Be the cause what it may, the fact itself is well established; and our present purpose is to notice briefly the plea usually offered in favor of reading novels, their influence, and, lastly, to institute a comparison between them and works of a different character.

That the general tendency of novels is to injure the morals and corrupt the taste of community is admitted by all, or denied only by those whose opinions we have no disposition at present to combat. We would not be understood, however, as condemning by wholesale every thing which partakes of the nature or character of fiction. Some works of fiction do undeniably possess merit, and might, in some cases, be taken as models of style. As far as beauty and even sublimity of expression, formation of plot, and delineation of character is concerned—and this, *in fact, is the plea usually offered in their behalf*—we would not deny their claims to attention. But even this solitary argument is liable to so many objections, that it cannot be considered any thing in their behalf. If there were no other objection, the fact that there is so much danger in seeking for mere beauties where there are so many allurements to go astray, is a sufficient offset to this argument. Those who employ it virtually take for granted that which cannot be proven—that novels possess literary merits superior to other works. Were this even so, would any one, who regards *moral* character, sacrifice “models of thought and feeling” for mere “models of style?” On the contrary, however, we fearlessly affirm, that the writings of Chalmers, Channing, Lowth, and others, contain passages which, for strength, beauty, and sublimity, are unexcelled, if even equaled, by any novels ever written. As regards delineation of character, we believe it is admitted by all, that by studying ourselves, and by communion with and observation of those around us, we learn more of human nature and the promptings of the human heart, than from the

best-written tales, or the most profound metaphysical disquisitions. There is that in human nature which cannot be described—something which cannot be transferred to paper or to canvas, and which can be learned only by an attentive study of man as he is. Shakspeare delineated character best, because he studied nature most.

Our second proposition was to notice the influence of novels. Here we intend to be brief. The subject has been so often discussed that it is familiar to all, and our present design is to notice but one or two points, in order to fill up our sketch. In addition to corrupting the morals and vitiating the taste, noticed in a previous connection, novels have a tendency to weaken the mental faculties, and cause a laxness unsuited to that severe and patient investigation, without which no real excellence in any department of knowledge can be attained. This, we deem, needs no proof. Proficiency in any department of useful knowledge can be acquired only by close thought and persevering effort; but no one, certainly, will deny that novel-reading has a tendency to form habits of mind directly the reverse. We feel conscious while reading works of fiction, that the heroes or heroines, the scenes, the occurrences, in fact, all the circumstances, have no existence in *fact*, and are only the wild imaginings of the author's brain. The mental powers are consequently relaxed, and the unreal takes the place of the real. Reason, reflection, judgment—all are sacrificed to imagination, and a sickly sentimentalism takes the place of a sound and healthy state of mind.

One thing more deserves our attention, as peculiarly suited to this part of our subject. We mean the great amount of misery and wretchedness whose source may be traced to a habitual indulgence in reading such works as the *Mysteries of Paris*, and others of a similar character. How many a young heart, once gay and cheerful, has been rendered miserable for life by the seductive influences of the enchanting works of such authors as Eugene Sue and the “magician of the north!” Innocence has been robbed of its jewels, virtue of its strength, home made desolate, and all the finer feelings of the heart sacrificed at an unholy shrine. How much of the sorrow prevalent in the world might be traced to this source, if the real cause were only known! How many a crushed and broken spirit can point to some novel as that which first caused impure thoughts to enter her heart's holy sanctuary, and herself to become an outcast from society, and a stranger to the cherished scenes of her childhood's happy days! Instances are on record to prove that the number is great. The Richmond tragedy is fresh in the memory of all; and in imagination we even now see the trembling and deeply-stricken father bearing testimony against his unfortunate child. But let us turn from this sad picture; for the heart sickens at the bare recital.

Our limits will not permit us to notice at length the waste of time, tendency to embrace infidel

principles, and other evils which are justly chargeable on novels, and we therefore proceed to institute the comparison noticed in our last proposition.

Our design in this part is not so much to enter upon a real comparison of works of fact with works of fiction, as to show that there are other sources from which all the treasures that are to be found in novels may be derived, while, at the same time, they are not liable to the same objections that lie so heavily against them. To him who seeks for beauty, either in sentiment or style, poetry opens up an almost boundless field. The works of Milton, Cowper, Pollok, and Thomson, not only please the fancy and improve the taste, but elevate the moral feelings and abound with intellectual treasures of the richest kind. Even in this department, however, a proper discrimination must be observed. Not all that poets have written can be read with profit. It must ever be a matter of deep regret that Shakspeare, Moore, and Byron, so far forgot the "poet's mission," as to throw around vice the allurements of their enchanting song. The latter has always and justly been celebrated for his fine descriptive powers, which have probably never been surpassed; but when his *moral* character passes in review, we are compelled to be silent, or to "speak but to condemn." His *Don Juan* is sufficient of itself to render his name immortal, were it not for the licentious spirit which constitutes the foundation of, and breathes through the whole poem. In this connection, we might, also, mention Pope, and others "not unknown to fame," whose writings, though excellent in part, are mingled with much that is exceptionable and pernicious in its influence. We often wonder that human nature should be so perverted as to exhibit such strange extremes of virtue and of vice. Strange! passing strange, that he who sang so sweetly of the true Messiah, should lend his harp to themes befitting only "shades of everlasting woe!" But it is not our purpose, nor is it suited to our subject, to pass a criticism on authors. Neither would we find fault with all poetry because a part has been perverted and turned from its proper purposes. We would

"Speak no ill of poetry;
For 'tis a holy thing."

We love poetry; and who that loves the really beautiful does not? If we love nature, religion, or the Bible, we must love poetry; for they are full of it.

But there are two sources to which we may turn and gather both flowers and fruits—things both pleasant and useful. The first is nature; the second, revelation. Though the earth was cursed for man's sake, yet its sweet flowers still bear traces of his first home. He who enters nature's solemn sanctuary with a teachable spirit, must become a wiser and a better man. He may learn a lesson from every fading flower, and falling leaf, and the changes of the passing year. How beautifully do the seasons, as they roll, shadow forth man's pilgrimage through life! Spring, summer, autumn,

and winter, are fit emblems of childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. How quickly is one succeeded by the other! The joyousness of childhood is soon followed by the buoyant hopes and bright anticipations of youth; these, in their turn, give way to the trials and cares of maturer years, until soon the furrowed cheeks and silver locks remind us of "that bourne whence no traveler returns."

That man who turns from nature to seek in novels for lessons of beauty, grandeur, or sublimity, virtually casts a libel on his Creator. Nature is all beauty—all grandeur—all sublimity. If we seek for beauty, we have it in the flowery mead, the varied landscape, the sweet starlight, and the bow that arches the retiring storm. Grandeur is exhibited in the towering mountains,

"Whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity."

If you would have examples of true sublimity, gaze upon the ocean lashed to fury by the maddening tempest; or, watch the black hosts of heaven, when marshaled for the conflict by the Spirit of the storm. See the lightning's lurid glare as it sits in wrathful fury upon the brow of the tempest. Hear the startling crash that wakes through nature's caves ten thousand echoes, while

"Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder."

We come now to notice, last in the order of our essay, though first in importance, revelation. As a fountain of knowledge, it is unequaled by the finest productions of the most gifted sons of Genius. The Bible is the gift of infinite and uncreated Mind. Whether we contemplate its moral teachings or its literary merits, it demands our highest admiration and most profound reverence. It teaches lessons taught by no other book. It is the only source whence man may learn his origin, his nature, and his final destiny. No other volume lifts the veil which hides the dim and shadowy future, and points the eye of faith to the glorious inheritance which awaits the pure in heart. In it the poet and historian will find models of thought and style for all coming time. The simple and concise style of the Scriptures adapts them pre-eminently to descriptions partaking of the beautiful and sublime. We cannot show their superiority better than by quoting a few of the very many highly figurative and thrilling passages with which they abound. Before doing so, however, we will give an extract from Ossian, descriptive in its character, which has long been celebrated:

"As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so toward each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix, and roar on the plain, loud, rough, and dark in battle met Lochlin and Inisfail—chief mixed his stroke with chief, and man with man. Steel clangling sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft

on high: blood bursts, and smoke around. As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high—as the last peal of the thunder of heaven, such is the noise of battle. The groan of the people spreads over the hills. It was like the thunder of night when the cloud bursts on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind."

Here we have some of the most grand and awful images to be found on any uninspired page; and yet it must be acknowledged that they fall far short of some of the descriptions given in the Bible. Take, for instance, the following from the eighteenth Psalm:

"In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. He bowed the heavens, also, and came down: and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies."

Very similar to this is the beautiful and sublime description given in Habakkuk:

"God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet. He stood and measured the earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlasting. The mountains saw thee, and they trembled: the overflowing of the water passed by: the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high."

Here the language is plain and simple; and yet the description is such as inspiration only could dictate. Compared with this, the descriptions of the heathen deities by the best classic writers are dull and lifeless.

The poetic character of the Bible is strongly marked. From Genesis to Revelation it abounds with passages of inimitable beauty and strength. The attempts of some of the best poets to equal its style, have proved but so many failures. Byron brought his powerful genius to bear in versifying the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm; yet his verses lack the deep feeling and tenderness which breathe through the original. Numerous other instances might be given to prove the poetic character of the Bible. David's lament over Saul and Jonathan, is a fine specimen of intense feeling, expressed in the most purely poetic language. It far surpasses any elegiac ode in the English language. Our limits will not permit us to insert it here, but a reference to it as recorded in the Bible will repay the reader a thousand-fold.

Two of the most thrilling instances of woman's love that can anywhere be found, are given in

Samuel and Ruth. The case of Rizpah is peculiarly affecting. Her sons had been put to death, and, as we are told by the sacred penman, she watched by their dead bodies "*from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.*" Where can we find a more affecting instance of a mother's love! Hers was a deep, an abiding affection, such as woman only can feel. Woman's ministry has restored to blighted Eden a part of its lost bloom. Our earliest recollections are linked with her memory. The associations of the past are rendered sacred by the recollection of her who bent in deep solicitude over our sick couch, and wiped the tear of sorrow from our cheek. Her prayers attend us through life's pilgrimage, and the memory of her love comes fresh and pure, when the weight of threescore years and ten is pressing us to the tomb.

The other instance to which we referred is that of Ruth. Her name must be remembered with delight, as long as pure, holy, undying affection is admired. He who can read her history with coldness and indifference, must be devoid of all the finer feelings of the heart. To resign home, kindred, and the associations of early life, is no ordinary trial; yet we find her sacrificing all, and saying to her mother-in-law, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." The whole has been turned into verse, a part of which we here insert, its beauty being our only apology for introducing it into this already too long article. The scene opens with Ruth.

"She clasps Naomi's neck, and sighs,
And clings in wild devotion there;
And, lifting up her earnest eyes,
She murmurs, Mother! hear my prayer:

If some lone dove, on wounded wing,
Should flutter to thy gentle breast,
My mother, wouldest thou coldly fling
The trembler from its place of rest?

That lone and weary dove am I!
The home, the hearth, I leave for thee,
In darkness, and deserted lie;
My mother, wilt thou turn from me?

His smile who made that home all light,
His voice who breathed the hallowed vow,
The ray went out, in death's dark night:
The sound, the grave hath hushed it now.

O, where thou goest, I will go!
The shrine at which thou kneel'st in prayer,
The skies that o'er thy pathway glow,
Shall see thy child before thee there.

O, where thou diest, I will die!
Thy home is mine, and mine thy God;
The very grave where thou dost lie,
Shall shelter me beneath its sod."

The Bible has been the text-book of knowledge for the last eighteen hundred years. The poet, the painter, and the philosopher, have drawn from it their noblest inspiration. Had it not been for the story of man's transgression as there recorded, Milton would never have immortalized himself as the

author of *Paradise Lost*. Were it not for the thrilling description given by the Revelator, we would not instinctively associate the name of West with every mention of Death on the Pale Horse. Nearly every great poem and most of the celebrated paintings can trace their origin to this source. The wisest statesmen have acknowledged their indebtedness to it. "The sweet fragrance of the second Eden is over its pages." Here then let us linger and learn wisdom, taught in a manner more enchanting and beautiful than the imagination of man ever conjured up. We here learn that when life's pilgrimage is over, the silver cord will be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken; the pitcher will be broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern; then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.

TIME.

BY A. F. HAYNIE.

MORN and night,
Morn and night,
Light and shadow flowing, flowing;
Darkness, light,
Darkness, light,
Restive spirits going, going.

Staying never,
Staying never,
Wave to wave like mountains swelling;
On for ever,
On for ever,
To the throne of God's high dwelling.

Deeply moaning,
Deeply moaning,
Breathes the storm king's sullen blast;
Hollow groaning,
Hollow groaning,
Wafts the future to the past.

Rolls the thunder,
Rolls the thunder,
Breaks the lightning's brilliant wrath;
Gleaming under,
Gleaming under,
The awful tone the *Eternal* hath.

Life dividing,
Life dividing,
Steals the purer part away;
Darkly gliding,
Darkly gliding,
Melts the remnant here to clay.

Time! thy dwelling,
Time! thy dwelling,
Gleams where foot hath never trod;
Moments telling,
In their knelling,
It is with the eternal God.

A RURAL RAMBLE.

BY HARMONY.

It was the first of May—the "flowery month of May." Just as the heavens were tinged with the radiance of the departing day, I walked out to enjoy the calm serenity of the sunset hour. The spirit of beauty was blending itself with the budding and blossoming trees, and the deep verdure of the ground, making it gay with early flowers; the bright gold dandelion flowers were thick as the "stars on a winter's night;" and here and there, close to the fence, and amidst moss and bushes, the most delicate wild flowers diffused their fragrance. The orchards, too, displayed their highest beauty; the peach trees were loaded with their gay blossoms; and the apple trees were in delicate bloom, exhibiting, as Thomson says,

"One boundless blush—one white impurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms."

The birds were full of happy, instinctive intelligence, each telling its story, and singing its merry song. The insects, too, were humming joyously; and the murmuring streams danced merrily on through glen and glade, or sparkled along the flower-gemmed meads, ringing forth the deep cadences of joy and love.

O, how inspiring are thy influences, ever-glorious Spring! Bright harbinger of an immortal dawn! Emblem of spring-time that never fadeth! Type of that beautiful land to which the mental vision ever turns!—where the "essence of being and beauty," the "soul of creation and redemption" preside—where the tree of life is always verdant, in bud and blossom, and yet ever affording its rich and ready fruit—where the crowns of rejoicing are twined by the hands of bliss, and adorn the brows of dear departed ones which throb no more with pain and anguish, since they have bathed in the renovating streams of immortality, and tuned their voices to the glad songs of praise in that better country,

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

Many times I paused in my walk to gaze upon the surrounding beauties. I love nature intensely, and derive much pleasure in contemplating its varied appearances, and associating thoughts of God with all its brightness and beauty. At this hour, every leaf seemed to tremble with the great thought, God is love, and the richness of every flower was but the radiation of the same truth. I felt the presence of the Deity, and attempted to utter thanks; but my feelings were too mighty for utterance; I could but muse his praise.

"Yes! the rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
Thou, thou art here, my God!
The silence and the sound,
In the lone places, breathe alike of thee;
The dew-cup of the frail anemone—
The reed, by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
All—all with thee are fill'd!"

Yonder is the pretty white gate which leads to

the dwelling of Mr. C. I will enter and inquire after their young daughter, who is very sick. The blinds are closed, and every thing is so profoundly quiet, that I almost fear Death has already claimed his victim. I entered without ringing, and heard the gratifying intelligence that she was still living. Mary C. is a gentle girl of twelve short years—the fairest, sweetest flower of that happy household. The withering touch of Disease suddenly laid her low, and for many days her weeping parents have watched its crisis with hope and fear awfully mingled. But I will not dwell on the fearful grief of those parents, nor how they strengthened the hours of watching with prayer, and conversed with their sick one of that bright home of peace and love, where pain, nor death, nor parting never come.

The couch of the sweet sufferer was drawn near the open window, and the warm, gentle air of spring stole through the open casement, loaded with the fragrance of the flowers she had planted and watched. The departing sunbeams played amid the tender leaves of the grape-vine that wreathed its tendrils around the lattice; a golden beam shone through them, and rested upon the pillow where the sufferer lay in her triumphant patience, and in her undeparted beauty. The rose had indeed faded on her cheek; but a crimson flush was there, which was less beautiful only as it indicated the disease which nourished it. I laid a bunch of wild violets upon her pillow, which I had gathered on my way. A smile of recognition beamed over her fair face as the perfume stole over it, and she reached forth her pale hand to me. It is a common event for the young and innocent to pass away from our midst; but the grave seldom claims one so spiritually beautiful as Mary. The love that is bestowed on such a child, is not the mere instinct of nature; it is a sentiment growing out of the noblest faculties of the soul. Nothing in the character of this thoughtful child is more interesting than her continual strivings after goodness and truth. Affectionate, intelligent, and conscientious, her character seemed forming itself for a life of usefulness. She who so dearly loved poetry and flowers in her childhood, we trusted would grow up with a refined intellect and a pure heart. She who pitied so tenderly the poor and destitute—who are so happy in sharing her luxuries with those less fortunate than herself, seemed destined to a life of countless charities. O, no, I thought, while sitting by the bedside, the beauty of that sweet young life will not go down to the grave. "Who knoweth but the Lord will be gracious to these parents, and their child will live?" In hope and fear they wait the issue.

O, it is saddening to stand by the sick-bed, and watch the progress of disease—to see, day after day, the strugglings of the spirit in its crumbling tenement; the fearful and agonized grapple between nature and disease; and then, at last, the solemnities of the death hour, when the cold damps gather upon the once fair brow, and a livid ghastliness

spreads itself over the whole features, and "mocks us with its likeness to life." These are certainties which throw heavy shadows upon the heart, and awaken within it emotions unutterably solemn. O, what a mystery is life! Did we look only on the visible, how could we endure its griefs and sorrows! Where should we find strength to still the keen throbings of bitter anguish, and lift up the dreadful pall of gloom that falls on every thing!

The eye of the Christian's clear and unclouded faith is the great comforter—the faith that "endureth as seeing the Invisible," and renews the inward man day by day—the faith that is fixed steadfast on the exceeding precious love of God, which teaches us to make his "consolations great with us." We need such consolations; for our afflictions and bereavements are great—sickness and death sweep in amidst our most precious treasures, and gloom and desolation are around us. We need something strong on which to lean—something that is certain; and we find it only in the faith of the Christian, which brings balm to the soul by its very sweetness, and prompts us to "endure as seeing the Invisible." O, let us ask for more faith, more grace, that we may better endure the afflictions and bereavements of life—that the "consolations of God may not be small with us" when bereavement comes near—when it enters our own homes. O, then, may we bow humbly before God, and calmly say, "Thy will be done!" He will be gracious, dear parents, even should he take away your precious one; he will be gracious to comfort and console, to bind up the bleeding heart, and open to you fair visions of immortal glory. O, it is good to think of Jesus, and trust in him, in the solemn time of affliction—while watching over the pillow of a sick and suffering friend. To think of him as he has taught us in his blessed revelation, it is a cordial to the bleeding heart.

Mary is here learning precious lessons. Sickness is teaching her to depend, in humble gratitude and affection, on the Savior, and to trust in him as her Redeemer, Friend, and Guide. Love ministers in the sick-room; and she is here learning its holy lessons. She learns how much many hearts are interested in her well-being; and what kindness can do to alleviate suffering. The tones of the kind words spoken, and the sweet, soothing words of prayer, imploring the blessed Savior to be with her where the love of earthly friends can avail nothing, united with the look of anxious love, if she live, will linger before the vision of the soul, and their melody will come in richness to the ear in distant time, when the dear memories of the past flow over the heart. The tones that thrill upon the soul in this sick-room, will never cease to vibrate; holy will be their memory. They will bring her nearer to virtue and heaven.

O, may the "consolations of God not be small" with these parents while watching by the couch of their dear sick one! O, may he give them the "oil of joy for mourning," and the "garment of

praise for the spirit of heaviness," that they may be enabled to say, in their deepest affliction, though their precious child should be taken from them, "It is well!"

When I left the dwelling of my friends to return home, the shadows of twilight were deepening over the scene. I loosened the strings of my bonnet; for the day had been warm, and the evening air was delightfully cool. I walked on pensively, though pleasantly musing. As the changing brilliancy of the sunset fades away in night, so disappear the beautiful things we love; those to whom we cling with enduring love, and in whom are centred many hopes, vanish from our sight; the grave calls them, and the places which once knew them know them no more. O, why are we ever grasping so much frailness, ever trusting to retain our evanescent joys, and ever twining our heart's fibres around decaying treasures? What is life, with its mysteries and its sufferings, that we should wish it lengthened for those we love or for ourselves? Why not rejoice, if those we hold dearest are earliest called to share the higher happiness, the purer pleasures, the boundless knowledge of a better land. Here, all is changing, fading, doubt, and dread; there, all is assurance, brightness, and the fruition of hope. Heavenly Father! teach me to look through the mists of time to the glory of eternity, let me think of the hour when I shall be called hence with calm anticipations, and may that hour find me ready and willing to depart!

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

TELL me, magician, tell,
What is the mighty secret of thy art?
What is the hidden spell,
Or charm mysterious, that thou dost impart?

Who taught thee how to bind
The sun's bright rays to do thy bidding here?
What witchery canst thou find
In the transparent, cloudless atmosphere?

Hast thou a demon sprite
Behind the curtain's dark, portentous fold?
The pure, cerulean light
Dost thou by mystic arts and magic hold?

A patient underling
The portrait painter toileth day by day;
Thy unseen penciling
Can in a moment every look portray.

Tell me, magician, tell,
What is the mighty secret of thy art?
What is the hidden spell,
Or charm mysterious, which thou dost impart?

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY REV. WM. GRAHAM.

WHILE on pastoral duty in the village of W., the writer approached the house of S. The day was extremely cold, the earth was sheeted over with its stern wintry garb, and the bleak winds whistled from across the northern lakes. After a gentle rap at the door, the smiling face of Mrs. S. indicated that warm reception which cheers the minister in his pastoral visitations. The husband, healthy and benignant, welcomed the visit, while a prattling boy of about four winters, by his unrestrained sports, imparted a liveliness to the little family circle that gladdened the parents' hearts. After a few religious sentiments were interchanged, and a special reference made to the state of the class of Church members in the place—of which brother S. was leader—the family Bible was handed, and a short but pleasant season of devotion enjoyed.

In departing from this house, thoughts like the following passed through my mind. A more interesting, and an apparently happier family, is rarely found. How pleasant their condition in piety and domestic comforts! How flattering their prospects in this life, and in the one to come! What a contrast between them and many of their neighbors!

About three months passed away. The ruthless wintry blasts were hushed, the genial rays of the sun gratefully smiled upon the earth, birds darted cheerfully across the vernal skies, vegetation was just waking from its winter sleep, and in its embryo beauty attracted the eye and arrested the attention, when the village was again visited. The house of the class-leader was again approached; but now with anxious solicitude. On entering, how changed the scene! On his bed lay brother S., under the influence of that malignant disease—lung fever. He suffered much, but was resigned. Of him may be said, what can be said of but few, he was prepared for death, and willingly resigned himself to the monster, or, more properly in such a case, the welcome messenger. The young wife sat near her suffering husband with a babe in her arms, and cheeks suffused with tears. Her cup was a bitter one. By her side, in his little chair, sat the loved boy, now looking at his sick father, and then into the face of his weeping mother, with tearful eye and sad heart. What heart would not melt at such a scene? Who could refrain from weeping? Who in calling up the associations would not be impressed with the instability of earthly things?

Only two days elapsed, and a different scene still was presented. Before the dwelling crowds had assembled, who stood waiting, with solemn silence, to attend the funeral obsequies of one they respected and loved. The coffin containing the remains of our deceased friend was soon borne with slow pace to the village church, where the occasion was improved by a sermon. At the close of the exercises, a final view of the deceased was given before

repairing to the burying-ground. The scene was one never to be forgotten. The widow's heart, how deeply affected! but it was the grief of a Christian heart, and bore the peculiar features of Christianity. There was no exhibition of wringing anguish, no boisterous expression of mental agony, but the calm, rational, graceful regrets of a hopeful spirit. She impressed a last kiss upon her husband's pallid cheek, placed her hand gently on his cold forehead, dropped tears on his face, and retired, calmly, but distinctly uttering, "Farewell, my husband, till I meet you again. I know you are at rest; and when my troubles are ended, I will meet you there."

Reader, the event above narrated is one to which we are all liable—changed in circumstances, it is true, but substantially the same. And that we may, in such an event, exercise the Christian heroism of the bereaved Mrs. S., is a circumstance to be rationally desired, and, therefore, demands our attention. How may the anguish of heart which such events tend to produce be prevented? How may full acquiescence in the dispensations of Heaven be secured? These questions will find a response in those considerations which gave Mrs. S. triumph and satisfaction.

The leading qualification which contributed to her support in this trial of her faith, was her clear and firm belief in the *doctrines of the Bible*, particularly those relating to a future state. Had she possessed no more distinct and definite notions of the future than what philosophy affords, she might have spoken of her husband with the uncertainty that Socrates spoke of himself when about to die—whether it is better to live or die, "the gods know, but no man does." Had she been skeptical on these doctrines, she might have said of her husband, as Mr. Hobbes said to his friend, when asked where he was going at death—he has taken "a leap in the dark." Had she denounced all the doctrines of Christianity, and avowed the philosophy of Voltaire, or the reason of Paine, the revolting infidel sentiment might have rung in her ears, "Death is an eternal sleep!" But she believed and adopted the Bible, which taught her that, in the case of the righteous, "to die is gain. To depart and be with Christ is better" than to live here. Here, and here alone, was the ground of her comfort and joy. Both doubt and disbelief of these doctrines will deprive of comfort in death—a firm belief of them alone will administer it to the soul.

Another consideration which contributed to her triumph was a firm conviction of the *piety of her husband*. Had he been an irreligious man, her belief of the doctrines of Christianity would have afforded little if any relief. She could not have excluded from her mind the striking announcements: "The wages of sin is death!"—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die!"—"The wicked shall be turned into hell!" But she believed him prepared to die, and of this preparation she had the most ample evidence; hence, she could remain calm in his death.

Are these lines read by any of her sex who con-

template conjugal union with those of whose conversion to God there is no reasonable hope? If so, be solemnly warned of your danger in taking so fearful a step, and be entreated not thus to jeopardize your happiness and safety; but pray over it, and seriously calculate probabilities. And let all whose husbands are unconverted, labor incessantly for their salvation, instead of following their example, which, alas! is too often the case with religious ladies who are joined in bands of matrimony with the irreligious. If you are the wife and Christian which you ought to be, you can effect more in inducing your husband to be religious than the most eloquent minister, or the most profound theologian of the land.

And, finally, not the least of the considerations which made the loss of her husband tolerable, was the *personal piety* of Mrs. S. She possessed a well-grounded hope of heaven; and hence her prospect of meeting her husband again. After marriage, the obligation to be religious becomes stronger than it was before. Be exhorted, therefore, to live as she did, that the sorrows of life may suggest the superior excellences of heaven.

DEATH OF A MINISTER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

We often read of the "ruling passion strong in death." The dying chieftain, when told that his former mortal foe was about to visit him, commanded his attendants to lift him from his couch, dress him in his armor, and let him face his enemy as on the battle-field. The imperial Corsican, whose iron will and strong right hand had carried him to the dizzy height of almost universal empire, when, cast down to earth, he came to die on the lonely ocean isle, while the storm raged around him, and the fierce thunder was heard, his fiercer spirit seemed to feel as if once more directing those armies, whose bursting shock unsettled kingdoms, and shook down empires. "His glazing eye caught the heads of his mighty columns as, torn yet steady, they bore his victorious eagles on, and 'Tete d'Armée' broke from his dying lips." "The ruling passion strong in death!" Often has it been so with the dying patriot and the statesman.

St. Paul was actuated by a most ardent desire to do good—to save souls. Next to love for that Being who met him on the way to Damascus, and said unto him, "I am Jesus," was an ardent love for his fellow-men. When he came to sing his death-song, it was, "There remaineth for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give;" and then adds, "And not unto me only, but to all them that love his appearing." Love for others reveals itself "strong in death."

It would be strange, if, after the minister of Jesus has given his whole life to "one work"—to it bending all his energies, that, by reading, writing, and

praying, he might be well prepared for its duties—laboring all his life to snatch souls from ruin—moved by this principle, “the love of Christ constraineth me”—it would be strange, indeed, if this “ruling passion”—this “passion for souls”—were not “strong in death.” It is so. “Preach,” said a dying minister, “O, preach a full and free salvation.”

Illustrative of this was a scene I witnessed in the town of S. A devoted minister of a sister denomination, while toiling to cultivate Immanuel’s land, was suddenly smitten down, in the prime of life—in the midst of his usefulness, and called to pass the “dark and shadowy vale.” In health he had devoted much time to the interests of the Sabbath school, and the religious instruction of youth.

We watched the progress of his disease with much anxiety—with mingled hope and fear. For a time we trusted that his vigorous constitution would overcome the disease. We were disappointed. The crisis came. It passed. There was no hope. He was calm and resigned. He felt no fear. Why should he? After the crisis passed, delirium ensued. It continued until his spirit took its departure. He talked continually. There was his devoted wife—his dear little children—dependent upon him. There was a younger brother who leaned on him for counsel and education. But he talked not of them. I held his dying hand, and supported him while he “struggled through his latest sorrow.” Reason was clouded. Still, there was much meaning in his dying words. When almost gone, he faintly whispered, “Take care of the Church—take good care of the Sunday school.” He could not “forget Jerusalem,” though his heart-strings were breaking. And as the “king of terrors” drew very near, he opened his eyes. They met mine. They seemed just then illumined by the same light that had often beamed from them. He feebly pressed my hand and said, “O, I think much of my Savior!” and all was over! the spirit was with its God. Was not the “ruling passion strong in death?”

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW

WEARY and desponding one,
By thy dreadful crimes undone,
Are thy faults still unforgiven?
Calling for the wrath of heaven?
He who spilt for thee his blood
Says, “Have faith—have faith in God.”

Christian, dost thou dread the grave?
Fearest thou cold Jordan’s wave?
As the waters nearer roll,
Does their darkness fright thy soul?
He who crossed that billowy flood
Whispers now, “Have faith in God.”

THE LAST DAY.

BY HUGH HOLMES WAITE, A. M., M. D.

THERE is a twofold view in which we may contemplate the last day. We may contemplate it,

1. *As the last day*—the day when humanity and terrestrial nature shall cease to exist—the day when the fair and complicated fabric of the world shall suddenly fall into ruins, its sustaining laws having ceased to operate. From intimations given us in the Scriptures of this day, we may infer that it will commence as other days. Nature, unconscious of the near approach of her own dissolution, will, on this, her last morn, be as beautiful and as tranquil as ever. The sun will rise in his usual splendor, the dew-drops glittering to his rays, and animate nature will yet rejoice in that life which is so soon and so suddenly to cease; the busy multitude will go forth to their daily avocations unconscious that the sun has risen for the last time, and that the moon has set for ever.

The unexpected suddenness of the last day will greatly add to its interest. Could its approach be calculated with as accurate certainty as that of a solar or lunar eclipse, much of its interest would be destroyed; the shock of surprise would not be added to the convulsions of the earth. But that day will come “as a thief in the night.” The husbandman will that morning go forth to plough his field; but that will be the day when the soil will be thrown up by the convulsions of nature: instruments of music will that day be tuned for the convivial feast and the merry dance; but their notes will be hushed by the clangor of the angel’s trumpet.

Though this eventful day has long been predicted by unerring Wisdom, its seeming distance in the future vista begets a practical skepticism in despite of mental conviction. This difficulty of realizing a supposed distant event, will affect the last as it does the present generation, until the angel, taking his stand upon the sea and upon the land, shall swear the oath, and prepare to sound his trumpet. Nor is this a mere inference from the present carelessness of man, but a declaration of the Savior himself: “As in the days of Noe they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the flood came and took them all away, so shall it be at the coming of the Son of man.” Human projects having reached beyond the limits of time, all unfinished business will then be suddenly and prematurely terminated, well-devised schemes of future aggrandizement and pleasure will be stopped in the commencement of successful operation, the crown will that day fall from the head of the newly-coronated monarch, and the lifted cup of pleasure be shook from the hand of the voluptuary.

Any present conception of the final day, must fall far short of the reality, an adequate conception of it requiring the newly-imparted powers of that day. We must hear the trumpet blow before we can start at the sound; we must feel the earth

shake, and see the mountains fall, ere we can catch the spirit of the scene. But, though the supposed distance of the last day dims its scenery, and, consequently, weakens its present impression, we need not lose its moral influence. By proper reflection, we can bring its moral lessons within contemplative view—a test of moral character, and a prognosis of future destiny. This may be done by contemplating it

2. As our *last day*—the day when we will retire from the earth, to behold it no more—when the mist and blindness of death will shut it out for ever from our view, until the final scene of its conflagration. The circumstances of the two periods will vary, but their final results will be the same: instead of the earth then passing away, it will remain, and we will pass from it; instead of rising from the tomb, we will, on that day, go down into it—exchange our place among the living, to dwell with the dead. The sun will continue his daily circuit through the heavens, but we will be shut out from its light; the noise and stir of life will yet be heard on the earth, but will not reach the regions of the dead—the grave closing our intercourse with the world, until the day when, rising from its darkness and its confines, we shall exchange mortal for immortality.

By this approximated view of the final day, we annihilate the distance of time, and by contemplating its results rather than its circumstances, fully secure its moral influence. By such contemplation, the tolling bell and the resurrection trump are equally impressive, summoning to the same destiny, though in different tones. The night of death being preparatory to, necessarily precedes the morning of the resurrection: “what thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.” But the preparatory process of the grave is entirely physical, not moral; with the same moral character in which we go down to the grave, we will rise from it; death closing our destiny—the resurrection summoning us to it.

It is, then, wise and profitable to consider our latter end. It is a point of contemplation from whence we can view our resurrection tomb; if we “fall asleep in Jesus,” we shall repose in the graves of his saints, from whence he will raise us up at the last day, in his own likeness, in all the beauty and glory of the “first resurrection;” but if we go down to the grave by any other path than that of faith in Jesus, the darkness and terror of “the second death” will rest upon our tomb, and stamp our resurrection with its eternal infamy, confusion, and pain.

SISTER'S LOVE.

No love is like a sister's love—
Unselfish, free, and pure—
A flame that, lighted from above,
Will guide, but ne'er allure.
It knows no frown of jealous fear—
No blush of conscious guile;
Its wrongs are pardon'd through a tear;
Its hopes crown'd by a smile.

VOL. IX.—24

TRIBUTE TO ANASTASIA.*

BY REV. W. P. STRICKLAND.

Light and joy in the shadow of death.

“Joy! joy for ever! my task is done!
The gates are pass'd, and heaven's won.”

’Tis not of Araby’s groves, or Paradise, or Peri, I would write: my pen would describe more beautiful and real creations. These are the vain imaginings of a wayward fancy; and he who reveled most amid such airy visions, found them unsatisfying in the dying hour, and turned away, to seek a rest for the soul in the purer light of divine revelation. We need not the imagery of a highly-wrought oriental poetry to awaken thrilling emotions of the objects we would contemplate. Truthful delineations of real existences are sufficiently potent to charm the ear of virtue, and excite the loftiest impulses of the guileless heart. Earth, as it is in fact and not in fancy, possesses enough to create interest in the contemplative mind. Her mountains and plains, and valleys and rivers—her beautiful skies, and sunny slopes, and verdant meads, and bright flowers, pour melody into the ear, and joy into the heart, as rapturous as when man first smiled upon the beautiful creation around him. Nor does Religion need the “foreign aid of ornament,” or pompous ceremonial, to make her an object of veneration and love. To array her in fictitious drapery is to despoil her of her charms. Her bright angel form, clad with heavenly simplicity, would be marred by the softest touch of art.

As it is impossible to describe the joys of religion, being such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the unregenerate heart conceived, so is it impossible to find, in all the wide empire of fiction, a satisfying portion for the soul.

The dreams and speculations of an unsanctified philosophy, in regard to our nature and destiny, will lead the mind to doubt, and leave it in despair, inasmuch as these are questions which the world, by philosophy, never can know; but the ever luminous and truthful revelations of the Bible will lead it from conviction to faith, and from faith to heaven. ’Tis there alone we can learn whence we came, what we are, and whither we are going, with all the certainty of demonstration. The sacred Oracle teaches us how to live, giving us the true philosophy of life, and tells how to die, imparting consolation in the trying hour, while all over the pathway of our existence it throws a clear and steady light.

Philosophy may lead us into regions of dark wilderness—among dismal shades of gloom and uncertainty—but this unerring light, never. It heralds the believer over every passage of human life, and, however rough its sea, or dark its sky, no cloud can obscure its ever-shining ray. To all who

* Mrs. A. L. Mead.

seek its guidance, it is "a light to the feet, and a lamp to the path."

The heart of *Anastasia* was early visited with its influence, and bathed in its holy light. Amid all the allurements and blandishments of earth, she felt and yielded to its more than magic power. Her gifted and cultivated mind, united with personal beauty, made her an attractive object, around which kindred spirits circled, and on whom she shone. But, beautiful and attractive as she was while living, there was a grace and beauty imparted to her, when passing away, that far outshone all that eye had ever beheld before, in the proudest, happiest day of her life.

"Tis said that "blessings brighten as they take their flight." We know that stars grow brighter as they near the verge that hides them from human vision, and the transit of an orb marks the period of its greatest brilliancy. So with the object of our notice: *Anastasia* grew brighter and brighter as she receded from us, until she gently "faded away into the light of heaven." She has only passed away from this to another, better sphere, for

"The dead are like the stars by day—
Unseen to mortal eye;
Yet, not extinct, they wend their way,
In glory, through the sky."

The hour had come. Friends clustered around her, and, in bitter anguish, wept that one so lovely should thus early die. She smiled reproof, and, to broken hearts, it was like the voice of Jesus over stormy Galilee. Her language was full of peace and heaven. She entered the threshold of the dark valley, but, ere she was lost to view, turned, and threw back from a heaven-beaming countenance the radiance of immortality. *Jesus was with her there.* As the lovely Ceres blooms at night, so was she a light and a joy in the valley. To friends who loved her it would have been pleasant to live, but with her 'twas

"Far better to die."

WITHOUT HOPE IN THE WORLD.

BY REV. B. M. GENUNO.

It once became my duty to visit one who was supposed to be drawing near to the gates of death. He was a young man, and had been full of hope and worldly expectation. His friends were fearful that the disease with which he was afflicted might be fatal, and gave occasional intimations of their fears to him. On his mind, however, this produced but little effect. It grieved him that he was ill, and it was with reluctance that he referred to his sickness; yet, when he must speak of his situation, his expressions were, that he should "soon be well."

Still, day by day he grew weaker, and, to every experienced observer, it was evident that the sly, destroying hand of Consumption was making fearful inroads in his constitution, and that, ere long, his

hopes must sink, and he must die. The idea of this gave him pain. To religion he had not attended; on death he had not very seriously thought; and now, in the prime of life, must he die? From this his every feeling recoiled; and when he could scarcely turn himself in bed, he thought he should "be about in a few days." These, however, were deceitful hopes. The arrow of death had touched his vitals, and he sunk fast away, from the warmth of life to the coldness of the tomb. It is unnecessary to trace his history further; and it may be only proper to remark, that, like thousands of others, he had lived without the fear of God before his eyes, or his love in his heart, and his last were his saddest days.

Is this the case with such as have a well-grounded hope in the Gospel of the Son of God? Do they cling to life with a dying grasp, or shudder when the hollow voice of the last messenger calls them away? It is the universal *privilege* of mankind to have the "sting of death" removed, and the high hopes of immortality so firmly planted on the Rock of Ages, that the departure from this life will be *desired* rather than dreaded. This privilege is held out to our acceptance in the Gospel of the Prince of Peace, and, if embraced and retained, will sweeten life, and render its close the most sacred and triumphant of all our days.

CHERISHED MEMORIES.

BY N. E. PORTER.

"And other days come back to me,
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind."

CHILDE HAROLD.

WHAT a magic charm encircles the past! How we love to lift the misty veil which time has cast over cherished remembrances, and commune with past hours, associated, as they are, with all that is tender and endearing! Indeed, we seem to be in the very presence of those with whom we once held sweet converse; while oft a single thought has "touched a chord of memory's lyre," which breathed a strain of touching harmony to her spell-bound captive. But her notes are not all gladness; ever and anon, a sadder dirge is played with trembling touch. May-be the writer said truly, that when Memory lingers on past pleasure, she turns it all to grief. However that may be, there are scenes in our life that we never forget; they stand prominently forth—little Meccas, to which memory makes frequent pilgrimages. Such is the circumstance I am about to relate, the remembrance of which is "pleasant and mournful to the soul."

In the autumn of 184—I commenced my labors in a seminary in one of the southern states. I was a stranger among strangers, but, in a short time, found those whom I could love, and who loved in turn.

If it be true that "the cold in clime are cold in blood," when I must seek a stranger's home, may it be at the sunny south, where kindness, frankness, cordiality, and true hospitality are found, and which are so grateful to the stranger's heart! And what more delightful and gratifying, than to instruct and guide those who return your anxiety and labor by every demonstration of affection and regard!

The young ladies of Landon were peculiarly interesting, many of them possessing strength of mind and vigor of intellect beyond their years. But the insidious destroyer entered our happy circle, and selected the fairest, the loveliest, the most gifted—the favorite of all, and the idol of her fond and widowed mother. He seized his prey with an iron grasp, and would not unloose his hold.

She was thought to be dying, and never shall I forget the deep tone which spoke to her of eternal things, at that awful midnight hour. Nellie was not a Christian. Possessing every other grace, alas! she was destitute of the graces of the Spirit. In an apparently unconscious state, she was pointed to the "Lamb, who taketh away the sins of the world"—to a Savior ready to receive her, even at the eleventh hour: but delirium had done its work; that mind, once accustomed to think, was now powerless, and the soothing words died away on her ear, without producing the desired effect.

In the same room sat an almost heart-broken mother. How can she spare her darling child; and that, too, under such agonizing circumstances? If she were only prepared, she might feel resigned. In this moment of bitterest anguish, she poured her deep feelings into the ear of her heavenly Father.

"O, when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts
Come crowding quickly up for utterance,
And the poor, common words of courtesy
Seem such a very mockery, how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!"

And who will say that *that* prayer was not answered? The sad night passed, and the bright morn found our loved one somewhat better; Reason seemed again to have asserted her dominion in a small degree; she could clasp her mother's hand, while she conversed with her on heavenly things. She said, "Ma, I am not afraid to die now." "Why, my dear?" "I put my trust in Jesus."

"How deep, how thorough felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe!
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, that, sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow in the draught!"

Now was the heart of that Christian mother released of a burden that had been almost too heavy to bear—now did she feel willing to suffer all her Master's will; she was enabled to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." She was a holy woman, in whose character was evinced more unwavering confidence and trust in God, a calmer resignation to this most afflicting dispensation, than I had ever seen, and never expect to see equaled. She sat,

from morn till night, from night till morn, by the bedside of her lovely daughter, with the utmost composure, and her quiet spirit acted as a charm upon all around her.

School duties had been suspended for the week, and now Saturday morn dawned. All was glad and bright without, and we fondly hoped that our stricken one was improved. O, sweet to the soul is the whispering of hope! It buoys the sinking spirit, and helps it to endure. But we were permitted to hope, only to feel the disappointment more keenly. Death was even now doing his fearful work—he claimed the bright one for his own.

One of her class-mates alluded thus touchingly to the event, in her valedictory, at the close of the same session: "As the fair flower of morn fades and dies before the evening sun has set, so her pure spirit passed away. Her bright cheek faded; the 'curtaining fringes of her soft eyes' were bound by Death's relentless fingers; her trembling heart ceased to beat. Still, as we gazed upon her lifeless form, yet beautiful in death, she seemed to wear an angel's smile."

No sudden outbreak of feeling told of grief and bitter anguish; it were not befitting such a scene. The deep sigh, the moistened eyelid, the pearly tear silently stealing down the cheek—these tell loudly of anguish. There is a mournful eloquence in mute sorrow; it is touching—thrilling; the heart seems to be consuming itself. The day following they left us for their home in Virginia. The last parting with all that remained of one we had loved, perhaps too well, was sad indeed. So gently had the destroyer fulfilled his unholy mission, that we could scarcely believe that his signet was indeed set upon her brow. There was a loveliness and serenity about the sealed features that were unearthly. The adieu had all been spoken; and, slowly and sadly, the carriages moved up the avenue, and soon were out of sight.

Thus must we all pass away; but may we not, like our dear young friend, put off repentance to the dying hour! for, like her, we may not then be assisted by a mother's prayers, or find that peace which takes away the sting of death. She is gone, and, doubtless, now joins in swelling the chorus of the redeemed around the eternal throne. May we all meet her there!

RURAL SCENE.

SWEET was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain, responsive to the milkmaid, sung;
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children, just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whispering
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—
These, all in sweet confusion, sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

—
DECEMBER, 1849.—
THE SHOULDER-KNOT.—
CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

THE reader, as he lays this narrative aside, will wish to know by what means Anne of Austria became repossessed of her gift to Buckingham, and what became, in the final issue, of the principal characters, who have played such conspicuous parts in the preceding pages.

The first question I will relate in the words of a recent historian: "On his return from the state ball (on coronation night) at which he appeared with the Shoulder-Knot of Anne of Austria, Buckingham, who would confide to no one the care of this precious ornament, was about to restore it to its casket, when he perceived the subtraction which had taken place, and for a moment abandoned himself to a fit of anger, believing he had been made the victim of a common theft; an instant's reflection, however, convinced him that such was not likely to be the case, as he had upon his person jewels of greater value, which it would have been equally easy to purloin, and these all remained intact. A light broke upon him—he suspected the agency of his old enemy and rival, the Cardinal-Duke; and his immediate measure was to place an embargo upon the English ports, and to prohibit all masters of vessels from putting to sea, under pain of death. During the operation of this edict, which created universal astonishment throughout the country, the jeweler of Buckingham was employed, day and night, in completing the number of diamond tags; and it was still in force, when a light fishing-smack, which had been exempted from the general disability, was scudding across the channel on its way to Calais, under the command of one of the Duke's confidential servants, and having on board, for its full freight, the Shoulder-Knot of Anne of Austria. In the course of the ensuing day, the ports were again opened; and the thousand and one rumors, which had been propagated by the people, died gradually away, as no explanation of the incomprehensible and rigorous measure ever transpired. Thus, the apparent tranquillity of Anne of Austria, which had been, for the first few hours, the apathetic calmness of despair, ultimately grew out of the certainty of security; and the ready wit and chivalric devotion of Buckingham, which had so frequently threatened her destruction, for once supplied her *egis*." It may be added, that the Queen never felt bound to reveal this secret even to her husband, maintaining, that, as she had innocently committed an error, she might as innocently keep her providential escape from it to herself, when a disclosure might subject her to fresh trials, without doing any one a good.

The second inquiry brings after it a great moral lesson. There is a wide difference, such a difference as should prove a warning to evil-doers, between the subsequent fortunes of the principal personages of our story. King James, as we have seen, was cut off in the midst of his vile and mercenary struggles for that coveted gold, that never came to his impoverished coffers. The false Charles, as every body knows, went on with the duplicity so abundantly illustrated in these pages, till all England was roused to the bloody work of a revolution, and he was indignantly beheaded by his

own subjects. Henrietta Maria, as a reward for her indifference, when her friendship might have been highly serviceable to the injured, soon loses her husband, for whom she had forgotten her duty, and returns to France with an infant son, to live on the compassion of the one she had neglected. The Duke of Buckingham, after running a race of great infamy, interrupted by occasional acts of magnanimity and honor, fell by the hand of an assassin in a foreign country. Mary de Medicis, the passionate queen-mother, lived to acquire the settled hatred of her son, of her own servants, of all Paris, and of the French people; and with all her pride and ambition, she sank to her grave in *banishment*, receiving her daily bread as a charity from one of her natural enemies. Richelieu, who never gained his former standing with his master, was suffered to serve that master, under a close surveillance, for several years afterward; but, by one intrigue following another, he ultimately reduced himself to absolute misery, and finally died, in the very year which recorded the death of his accomplice, wept by none, but spurned, hated, despised universally. Such, reader, was the retribution of divine Providence upon these wicked characters.

Louis the Thirteenth, though naturally weak and jealous, was not a bad man in purpose. With the benefit, however, of every apology that can be made for him, he was clearly unworthy of the woman, whom his good fortune had given him; and so, as we learn from his future history, did the Bestower of all fortunes decree in the strictness of his justice. From the magnanimous conduct of the King, after his eyes were opened, and his subsequent bearing, he acquired the honorable title of *The Just*; and he was permitted to live several years in peace and happiness with his noble Queen, and then die with a good degree of reputation. But his death, which happened so many years before the demise of Anne, carried a lesson which God undoubtedly intended to impress upon all men, and especially upon the recollection of future princes.

Anne of Austria, on the other hand, whose whole life was one unbroken act of fealty to truth and righteousness, lived to see every one of her enemies, not only humbled, but buried and forgotten. For eighteen years after the death of her husband, she was loved, and honored, and idolized as the Queen of France. Her only fault as a sovereign was the excess of those very virtues which adorned her private character. During all this long period of her power and happiness, there was but one event, which could throw even a momentary shade over her bright pathway: it was the death and burial of the Duchess. When that friend died, the world was no longer bright to Anne, who wept the tears of real grief upon her nightly pillow. But her own hour came at last; and when the French people made her grave, it was a day of universal sorrow. Prince and peasant, all ranks and classes, mourned with a genuine feeling; and from that day to this, whenever the French matrons relate the story of her triumphs to their children, they always speak of her as "*the good Queen Anne whom God befriended*."

And now, reader, if, after drawing these serious and salutary lessons, you are still farther curious to know what fate befell the minor characters of this humble performance, I will add, that the individual who brought the Shoulder-Knot from England to Anne, on the day of her last triumph, was no less a personage than Archibald Armstrong, who, in his capacity of buffoon, could

travel anywhere without causing suspicion; that, after his errand was done, and done to the satisfaction of those most concerned, he considered it his right to have his own time of getting married; and that, consequently, on the day subsequent to the royal wedding, he led to Hymen's altar the "eldest daughter" of honest Sampson, with which damsel the reader has seen the wit holding some intimacies on a former occasion. There was a peculiarity in this concluding ceremony worth recording. The happy father-in-law, who had amassed from the perquisites of his long-held office no little fortune, was bent on emulating the expensive and foolish display of his betters; but Archibald, who had received a religious education, not only stoutly opposed all such extravagances, but suggested to the old gentleman a worthier mode of disbursing his surplus of money. He told him plainly, that it would be a more Christian act to take the amount which he had designed to expend on the marriage, and, after dividing it into a suitable number of smaller sums, to scatter them around amongst his poor relatives and neighbors. The good man followed this counsel, and probably slept the more soundly for it every night of his life afterward; but if the inquisitive reader wishes to know any thing more about him, from my resolution to go no farther in my story than history assures me, I shall be bound to answer in language somewhat characteristic of the personage inquired of, "You see, sir, you do, sir, that I cannot tell, sir."

But nations derive consequences from the virtues and vices of individuals; and the story now told is an illustrious example of the fact. Anne became, after the rescue here recorded, the mother of Louis the Fourteenth, who lived to carry the glory of France, in every thing that can adorn a people, to the highest pitch of splendor; but the country of the perfidious Charles was soon rent by factions, shaken by revolutions, and hurled to the very brink of beggary and dissolution. The same God, however, who causes evil counsels to work the benefit of persons, compels, also, the most untoward events to help in the cause of empires. Our own country, it will be remembered, was settled during the progress of these English troubles; and we trace our independence, and the glorious institutions of this land of freedom, to that national perfidy, which, beginning with the first Charles, ruled in England till reprobated, if not banished, by the American Revolution. The great incident of our story, therefore, has a world-wide bearing and significance; the period it covers is the germinating period of modern history; for if France, without her Anne, would never have seen that Louis, who so multiplied her power, her wealth, her magnificence, so, without their Charles, the American colonies would never have had their Washington. England, also, since her correction, has become a great and mighty nation; at this moment, the three governments of France, America, and England, are the ruling nations of earth; while our little narrative proves, in its worldly aspects, how much of all their importance they are bound to refer to the triumphant virtue of a woman.

But Archibald Armstrong would never have made such worldly-wise comments upon our history. He always idealized every thing. A thousand times, it is probable, it may be more, he told the story of Anne to his good wife and children, and every time pointed out to them some hidden meaning. He would have it, that each character in it meant something; that, though

every word was true in point of fact, there was much more philosophy than history in its scenes and conversations; and that the whole, when properly understood, which it could not be without special study, was a clear and striking illustration, or exposition, of the threefold life of man in its relations to earth, hell, and heaven. If the present world, he often said, with all its complexity of arrangement, is so bound together, that the acts of individuals are felt in nations and ages distant from the place and period of their performance, so it is equally true, that the life we here live may send its results beyond the limits of time, and be wept or enjoyed throughout the cycles of eternity. But of such high criticisms I do not consider myself a competent judge; but I will in all frankness confess, that some part of my labor would be fruitless, if this *hint* of my friend Archy should be entirely lost upon the superior sagacity of my reader.

MR. TUPPER'S BEST.

MR. TUPPER sends me his annual thank-offering for the field and garden blessings of the current year. It is the best, I think, of this class of his productions:

HARVEST HYMN FOR 1849. BY M. F. TUPPER.

Again, through every county
Of Britain's happy shores
The great Creator's bounty
Unstinted plenty pours;
Again, to him returning
In thankfulness we raise,
Our hearts within us burning,
The sacrifice of praise.
O, great as is thy glory,
Thy goodness doth excel!
What harp can hymn the story?
What tongue the tale can tell?
The boundless breadth of nature
Is spread beneath thy throne,
And every living creature
Is fed by thee alone!
Rejoice! for overflowing
Is each abundant field;
The Lord has blest the sowing,
The Lord has blest the yield,
The mower has mown double,
The reaper doubly reap'd,
And from the shining stubble
Her head the gleaner heap'd.
Rejoice! for mercy blesses,
And judgment smites no more;
The God of grace possesses
Araunah's threshing-floor:
The gains of honest labor
Are shower'd from above,
And neighbor looks on neighbor
In happiness and love.
O men of all conditions,
The high or humbly born,
Away with low seditions!
Away with lofty scorn!
Mix kindly with each other;
For God has given to all
The common name of brother,
And gladdens great and small.
And, Erin! thou that starvest
So patient on thy sod,
To thee, to thee this harvest
Is come, the gift of God!
Cheer up, though woes oppress thee;
Be diligent, and true;
And, with thy Queen to bless thee,
Her KING shall bless thee too!

RIVERS, ROADS, AND RAILS.

THE concluding chapter in the art of composition, docile reader, as it is now-a-days taught and practiced, threatens to gibbet every writer who does not, when at all feasible, begin an article, or a book, or whatever is to be written, with a striking alliteration; and, therefore, having seated myself to write out an authentic history of a recent suddenly jerked-up trip, which was prosecuted very much after the manner of a modern squirrel hunt, and then jerked down as suddenly as it was jerked up, and jerked all the way between the two ends of it, I am in ecstasies at the success I have met with at the very *punctum saliens* of the effort. "Rivers, roads, and rails!" Each word commences with an *r*, which is according to the rule; the *r*, itself the softest of the liquids, is followed chiefly by other liquids and vowels almost as smooth; and the entire line flows along, with here and there a *v*, a *d*, and an *s*, which are only the little round pebbles lying in its bed, like a rivulet that ripples as it goes!

If the reader imagines this smooth beginning is ominous of the character of the trip, and particularly of those same rails, roads, and rivers, let him read on and see.

THE DEPARTURE.

The point of departure, with all navigators, is the first point; and the trip herein to be immortalized was, first of all, a water trip. It must, therefore, be gravely recorded, and it is to be hoped the reader will look serious while perusing the record, that, on the — of August of the year now closing, at about ten minutes and a quarter to twelve o'clock, M., we started by steam-boat from the place where the hogs go when they die, *en route* for the same place again, by the way of Madison, Indianapolis, Logansport, Niles, Detroit, and Sandusky, through the territories of Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio. Rev. Bishop Waugh, Rev. Leroy Swormstedt, Rev. John H. Power, and the writer of this paper, were the travelers. If ever a quieter set of men met together in that cabin, talking over old things and new things, eating at moderately good tables, and stowing themselves away for a nap on narrow shelves beneath a narrower bed-blanket, then the cabin of the Belle has not been justly treated in the newspapers. Things have been said about certain games of chance, and loud speaking, and late hours, and similar proceedings, in relation to that little beauty of a boat, of which we saw no confirmation. The loudest noise we heard was made by a man, who ate a watermelon so fast, and spit the seeds out so spitefully, that a passenger might have been tempted to think himself and craft to be the sport of a powerful hail-storm!

THE FIRST LANDING.

This was the beautiful little city of Madison, about as big as a bosom-pin, which, in truth, does lie like a jewel on that ribbon of a river—*la belle riviere*—which passes over the fairest portion of our fair country. Here we were to pass the night; and no sooner had we touched the shore, at about ten o'clock, P. M., than we were greeted by several familiar voices. As our company presented so small a figure by the side of the open hospitalities of that friendly city, we seemed to have the choice of the whole town before us. The latch-string of every house was out and every door ajar. The Bishop and the writer of this history stopped at the house of John H. Taylor, where we found every thing for hearts and weary heads, which that home of the prophets could provide for us.

FROM CITY TO CITY.

That is about all to be said about a ride upon a railroad, especially if you have, as in our trip from Madison to Indianapolis, fine cars, good company, and a powerful locomotive. The first part of the ride, it is true, was rather an uphill business; for we had to ascend from the river to the summit of the bluff, which is really a mountain; but the old black horse, with a few spirited snorts at the start, and with his fiery snout bent down to the ground, as if buckling to his work, or scenting the track, carried us safely and proudly up, over the most awful chasms, to the top. Stopping at the summit station for a few minutes, to adjust the freight and baggage, and to give old Black a little chance to puff and recover wind, we started off again for the capital of the state. Whew! whew! whew! Ricketty-roketty-thump! Away we go, between the stumps and through the woods, holding to the corners of our hats! Arrived at the end of this frantic leap, I jumped out to take a look at the crazy steed, which had jerked us at such a gait. There he stood, mad as ever, cutting his figures on this side and that, without the loss of a shoe or the ripping of a strap!

THE ENTHRONED CITY.

Indianapolis is certainly the city of trees. The reader must not imagine, however, that it is a city in the woods. The trees were set out, and that in a most tasteful manner, by the hand of man. After stopping an hour or two at the house of my old and esteemed friend, Calvin Fletcher, Esq., with the Bishop again as my "charge," we were sent for by John Wilkins, Esq., to ride round and see the town.

As a large company of friends had gathered, among whom were Rev. Messrs. Goode, Holliday, Beswick, Morrow, and President Nutt, and there being several vehicles at hand, we all had our chance for seeing the outside of the prettiest little city of the west. It is beautiful enough by day, but still more so by night, particularly if the moon is spreading her soft rays over its noble buildings and its green trees. After sunset it is a place of quiet. I saw it, on this visit, late at night, in the full blaze of a glorious moon. It looked, for all the world, like a fair young beauty, with all her ornaments upon her, fallen asleep in her leaf-covered bower!

RAILS BUT NOT ROADS.

If there is any thing in this wide world more annoying to the finer feelings of one's back and sides, than a ride in a rainy day, in a heavy vehicle drawn by lazy horses, the horses rendered more lazy by a perfect loafer of a driver, and all the weary way over nothing but logs, logs, logs, then name the thing, knowing reader, and I have done. But such is our lot this day. Having parted with Rev. Mr. Power, who goes to St. Louis by the central route, Bishop Waugh, Mr. Swormstedt, and myself, take private conveyance to Logansport on the Wabash, the point at which the North Indiana conference is to meet. Now, reader, look not for a description. Such a thing is utterly beyond the ambition of my pen. If you remember the tossing that Sancho Panza got in a big blanket, or can imagine how a good Christian man would feel under the pummelings of Don Quixote's fulling-mill, or can anticipate what a mortal body would think, if headed up alive in a pork barrel, and sent tumbling down the longest and roughest side of the Alleghanies, then you can *guess*, and *guess only*, the first letter in the lesson given us on the way to Logan. Ask not for the incidents of such a journey. Whether

we ate, or drank, or slept, is of no consequence. If you can draw the picture of three sober men, who make it a point to keep still in company, sitting in a huge vehicle with their faces fronting two to one, mixing themselves up in a most unceremonious manner, knocking the sides of their heads against the sides of the carriage, and the tops of them against the tops of said vehicle, and their foreheads against each other's foreheads, as if each man were crazy, chinking up the interstices of these outright jumps with a perpetual succession of smaller thumpings, and closing up a whole series, every now and then, with a regular smash of heads, hats, canes, coats, and umbrellas, you will then have some slight conception of our two days' ride to Logan!

LOGANSPORT.

The village of Logansport is very beautiful, lying on the northern bank of the Wabash. On the morning after our arrival, I sallied out alone, and surveyed nearly the whole town before the opening of conference. I was particularly impressed, among other things, with the substantial character of many of the buildings, the elegance of most of the newer dwelling-houses, and the resources of the place for every sort of business. The highest rewards of agricultural labor are guaranteed in the proverbial fertility of the soil all around it; the canal furnishes a fine channel for its rising trade; and the waste-water of the canal, added to the falls and rapids of the river, all of them most abundant, have made for it a good beginning in works requiring machinery, and will make it, in future years, one of the first places in the west for manufactures.

With the good people of the village I became but moderately acquainted. My host, Dr. Fitch, is a very intelligent gentleman, and representative elect to the next Congress. His lady is a lady, in the true sense of that abused word. Of the citizens I had most conversation with Judge Biddle, who, in addition to his reputation on the bench, is a musical and poetical genius. He would have been a star among the artistical and belles-lettres gentry, had he not anchored his mind—though his heart is yet free—to the quiddities and quoddities of Blackstone. It was here, also, that I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of George Winter, the celebrated "Indian painter," to whom I literally emptied my pockets, to furnish myself with some of his admirable productions.

THE CONFERENCE.

There is generally nothing of very great public value in the proceedings of an annual conference, beyond those business matters which usually find their way to the newspapers. I can only say, that the Bishop presided with his customary dignity, decision, and patience; that the proceedings went off with harmony without dullness; and that the ministers seemed to be full of the great work to which they have nobly devoted their energies. It is a conference of young men; and their appearance, when assembled together for deliberation, indicates, I think, more than an ordinary amount of mind, of ministerial character, and of moral purpose. A few venerable heads, like those of Rev. Messrs. Cooper and Thompson, are sparsely sprinkled among the ruddy faces and lively locks of the younger members; and each of these younger members seems to stand on ^{tiptoe}, with the trumpet of salvation in his hand, ready to go anywhere and to make any sacrifices to call sinners to repentance. I will say no more, for

fear the public may suspect me of partiality to this body; but I am not unwilling to declare, that, though comparatively a stranger in my present associations, I am fully satisfied with my *home*. So long as the *family* contains such members as I have already mentioned, together with such as Aaron Wood, S. T. Gillett, J. C. Smith, J. L. Smith, H. B. Beers, and four or five scores more, no one could ever get discontented.

ROADS AND RAILROADS.

From Logansport to Niles, in Michigan, Mr. Swormstedt and myself went alone. The road improved continually as we advanced. We had a spirited team, and the driver was vain of showing us their speed. Nothing could have suited us better, as we were in haste. We reached Niles the second day at five, ready to take the cars at twelve. Niles is a thriving, bustling, beautiful little town. I walked all over it, and around it, and through it half-a-dozen times, before going to bed; and I can say with emphasis, of all I have seen of that section of the west, give me Niles. At twelve o'clock we were off. At five we reached Marshall, where Mr. Swormstedt had the kindness to wake me up, or I should have gone on to the end of the road; for I was not only sleeping soundly, but in the midst of a queer dream that seemed to have neither beginning, middle, nor end. From Marshall we crossed the country to Hillsdale, through a splendid farming region, where every thing looked as if it were alive. At Hillsdale my "partner in travel" slept one night and I two, when we met again at the village of Adrian, one of the spunkiest *city-ettes*—if I may make a word—anywhere to be found. In passing from Hillsdale to Adrian we had a specimen of speed worthy of a record; for, "true's I live and breathe," when we were in full motion, a troop of blackberry boys, who had hailed the engineer without success—as that functionary was in a hurry to make his time—they took to their heels, with their baskets on their arms, and catching us jumped aboard!

ANOTHER CONFERENCE.

Long as I had desired to see the Michigan conference, and have a fair shake of the right hand with it, and far as I had traveled to enjoy the privilege, no sooner had we arrived at the seat of its annual session, than a relapse of sickness threw me upon my back. I had only time, before this affliction, to hear a single discourse, a sermon by Rev. Mr. Symonds, of Detroit; and the ability of this sermon gave me a still keener appetite for a general acquaintance. All my wishes were frustrated. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, I was laid aside; but, through the kindness of the members, I was permitted to see a large part of them at my lodgings, to revive old memories, and to form new attachments, which, though suddenly begun, will be lasting. Among those thus seen were my esteemed friends, Professor Whedon and Elijah H. Pilcher, whose faces it did a sick man good to look at; nor can I soon forget the kind attentions of Rev. Messrs. Watson, Symonds, M'Clure, Smith, Chatfield, and many others, whose visits were as welcome as they were frequent. On Monday morning, just before leaving for home, Mr. Swormstedt and myself walked into conference, and saw the members in the midst of a pleasant session. In order to get a good view of the body in the shortest time possible, I took a seat for a few minutes in the pulpit, where there was a supply of writing apparatus, apparently for strangers. In throwing an eye, now and then by stealth, over the assembly, I was struck with the large size, manly forms, fine

health, and impressive physiognomy of the members. I think I have a right to say, and that emphatically, that there is decided talent in that body. This, also, is a conference of young men, though Rev. Messrs. Sabin and Erkenbrack are numbered among the honorable and apostolic fathers—honorable, because they have done a great work; apostolic, because they were *sent* by the Spirit to this new region as missionaries of their Lord and Master. Mr. Watson, the editor of the Family Favorite, resides at Adrian, and justly stands among the highest of his brethren. His paper is as keen as an October brier, whose "prickers" have been sharpened by a frost; though there is nothing prickly in the gentleman's soul or manners; nor is there the least particle of the freezing material in his disposition. His head is as clear as crystal; his heart, bland, warm, and open; and he is himself, on every topic that can be started, as ready as a bunch of matches. I am sorry to say that our brother editor is in very poor health; but I hope he will ultimately be a sound man again. We left Adrian after dinner; and I must here state for myself, that I carried with me a very high opinion of the talents and ministerial character of the members of this young conference.

THE LONG MAN IN SHORT BOOTS.

Leaving Adrian at about one o'clock, we were to reach Ypsilanti not far from ten, where we would take the cars the next morning for Detroit. But the driver of our coach was too great a man for all that. In any other position his portrait would have been about this: A long, limber, leather-eyed looking fellow, with an uncurried head, ears large and lank, pants running nearly to his chin, waistcoat flapping against his spindle of a straight trunk like a becalmed mainsail against a mast, toward night an over-all big enough for a horse-blanket—which it had probably been—a California smash-hat knocked into no shape, white woolen stockings that nearly touched the lower "limbs" of his aforesaid lofty unmentionables, leaving two horizontal rings of rather unwashed skin between, and all this elegance of figure dropped into a pair of short stogy boots, just high enough to rub his ankle-bones. Put into the hands of this delicate figure a teamster's whip, give him plenty of tobacco, add a little whisky for his eyes and cheeks, let him swear about every fourth word, and you will have a glimpse of the "gentleman"—for he said he was a gentleman, and swore to it—whom the gentlemanly stage proprietors have employed to do the honors of their line to the traveling public. At a little village on the road, this "gentleman," by way of *officiating* a little before us backwoodsmen, must rip up every strap, throw down all the trunks, and make a rearrangement of the load. Just at this crisis of his revolution, he was encountered by Rev. Mr. Swormstedt, who generally has something to say about such subjects as pertain particularly to himself. Looking round him for a moment, and surveying the vast display of trunks, sacks, and carpet-bags, which this "gentleman" Jehu had so characteristically made, Mr. Swormstedt seemed evidently impressed, and did not wait long to convey to this officer what there was to be conveyed. He informed the official that an agreement had been entered into by the agent at Adrian that his trunk should be carried in the front boot. This was not denied, but it was maintained in the opposition, that the agent's authority had just "run out," and that the authority of the said driver commenced at this point. The driver also declared, in the roughest language, that the trunk must go in the

back boot or not go at all. Mr. Swormstedt told the "gentleman," that, not only had the above agreement been entered into, but, for reasons unnecessary to be made public, his trunk must go before, or stay where it was. Such was the issue. The remaining passengers could see no earthly reason for the driver's position; and they, therefore, interceded with him, in their own behalf, to accommodate Mr. Swormstedt, even if the authority of the agent was denied. This attempt toward peace proved abortive. I then engaged the landlord to use his influence, which he did, and that faithfully, but to no good end. There was only one alternative. Every thing had been said by us all that could be said. Mr. Swormstedt must remain and get another conveyance, or yield his rights, and let his trunk, containing public papers and other conference property to a large amount, run the risk of being stolen from the boot. This he could not do. Had the property been his own, it would have been another thing; but he felt himself to be a servant of his employers, having valuable matters, and no little money, intrusted to his charge. He stopped, or, more properly, was turned out of his seat by the important functionary above described. At Detroit he wrote the agent at Adrian a letter, giving all the circumstances, and demanding, as the least reparation of the injury and insults offered him, the return of his fare. No answer has been received. The agent at Adrian belongs to that class of men, very probably, who intend to grab all the money within their reach, and hold fast to all they grab. The public are hereby warned not to trust themselves, whenever they can help it, in his hands; for, by retaining the money, and particularly by not answering the letter, he has made himself responsible for the insufferable conduct of his very long man in very short boots.

THE FRENCH CITY.

Detroit was settled by the French; but the old houses are nearly gone, and the aspect of every thing is quite American. I do not exactly like the appearance of the city, nor do I exactly dislike it. My great objection is, it is too big for its size! That is, gentle reader, it is decidedly too diffuse! It is like a French broth, where the liquid is very "much," but the onions are very few! It is like a modern "great sermon," whose breadth is vastly broad, but whose depth is mighty thin! But this appearance of things will shortly pass away. There is an immense business starting up at Detroit; and it will, at some future day, be one of the grandest and wealthiest cities in the world.

HOME AGAIN.

It was our good luck, in passing over from Detroit to Sandusky, to fall into decidedly good hands. We embarked on the steamboat Arrow, the belle of all little boats, built at Trenton in the winter and spring of 1848. Its captain we did not see; but the clerk, Mr. C. C. Nichols, is the next thing to incomparable for his place. There were with us, also, many cholera refugees, who thronged about us, asking for their friends, and admiring our "valor," as they called it, in braving, for three long and awful months, the Destroyer to his face.

At Sandusky we took the cars again; and, consequently, there is nothing more to say. With a leap, and a jerk, and a bound, we started from the depot, and the next thing we had time to think of was, what sort of hacks we should charter to carry us to our doors!

This, good reader, is all I have now to say about rivers, roads, and rails.

LITERARY NOTICES.

OBJECTIONS TO CALVINISM AS IT IS, in a Series of Letters addressed to Rev. N. L. Rice, D. D. By Rev. R. S. Foster. With an Appendix, containing Replies and Rejoinders. Cincinnati. 1849.—This, our readers may be assured, is one of the best and ablest productions, on a controversial topic, of the times. It contains an Introduction by Dr. Simpson, eight chapters, and an Appendix. The Introduction, besides giving an ample and good exhibition of the subject of the volume, presents the occasion on which it was produced. The chapters discuss the following points: I. Origin and Design of the Work. II. God's Eternal Decrees. III. Election and Reprobation. IV. The Atonement. V. Effectual Calling. VI. Final Perseverance. VII. The Heathen World. VIII. The Will. The Appendix contains the Replies of Dr. Rice, and the Rejoinders of Mr. Foster. Taken as a whole, and in all its parts, this is a most welcome book. Its author has brought a sound head, clear logic, extensive information, and a kind spirit, to his important task; and though he does not pretend to have settled the controversy by this book, Dr. Rice has never answered its arguments, nor disposed of its facts. He never *will* do it. He never *can* do it; and that, not because he is not confessedly an able man, a profound reasoner, and learned in these controversial topics, but because he argues on the wrong side of the question. The opponents of Arminianism have hitherto carried on their warfare by attacking it, and thus throwing it into the defense. Their manœuvre is handsomely retorted. The war is henceforth in Africa. "*Carthago delenda est!*"

CORTES; or, the Discovery and Conquest of Mexico. By George Cubitt. Revised by D. P. Kidder. New York: Lane & Scott. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1849.—We have no doubt of the good service to be performed by this little work. It will fall into the hands of hundreds and thousands of young people, who will read it with interest, and then desire to read that incomparable work on the same subject—Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*—all the more for having read this. It seems to be pretty well prepared, though the style of the author is a little stiff, or ragged, or hard, or something of that sort; but then he has this in his favor, that these *miniatures* are the most troublesome and difficult little pieces of art that any man can undertake. It is commonly but very erroneously supposed, at least by inexperienced writers, that these small books can be made without much labor; but the truth is, it is often easier to make a large book than a small one on any given topic, if you are to make both books equally well; for what you save, in the latter, in the diminished breadth of canvas, you more than lose in the minuteness and delicacy of your workmanship. Of all literary tasks whatever, next to composing a great work *ab origine*, is that of reducing a great one, prepared by another hand, without destroying its spirit, or breaking up the harmony of its parts. We make these remarks, not because we have any thing more to say, in criticism of the little book before us, than we have said, but because this *minifying* process seems to be becoming, with a class of minds, the order of the day; and it is begun by many, we fear, who do not quite realize the exceeding difficulty of the labor they have taken upon themselves to do.

THE INCARNATION; or, Pictures of the Virgin and her Son. By Rev. Charles Beecher. With an Introductory Essay, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—This work has been strangely received by the press. Some have lauded it very highly. Others have sneered at it. A few—and the number is very small—have spoken of it with moderation, praising and blaming it by turns. But, so far as we have observed, no critic has expressed our own opinion of the book. Those who call it a *history* of the life of the Savior, complain of the fanciful character of its style. They who class it among works of the *fancy*, think the historical aspects are out of place. It is thus made a puzzle. The truth of it is, as it *seems* to us, the Incarnation is a *poem in prose*, and must be judged of as such. In that character, it has a right to be *historical*; for the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and all similar works, are historical, so far as they bear upon history at all. It

has, also, in the same character, the right to be composed in the *poetic style*, though it be not in verse; for the *Telemache* of Fenelon, the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, the *Pilgrim's Progress* of John Bunyan, and a score of similar works, furnish a sufficient precedent. The book of Job itself is an epic poem, and undoubtedly a fiction, in a similar sense, though in a higher order, in which the Incarnation is a fiction. That there was such a man as Job is very probable; but that any mortal man could talk, as the writer of that book makes Job talk, chapter after chapter, in the sublimest strains—strains never equaled by the most gifted and pains-taking uninspired poet since the world began—and all that extemporaneously, without a moment's premeditation, is not to be supposed. We repeat, the book of Job is an epic founded on history; the characters of the poem were probably real characters; but the poet puts his own *inspired language* into their mouths. So, if we may compare small things with great, the writer of this little book has done; and he has performed his task in a manner very creditable to his acquirements and his taste. His conceptions are very clear; his scenes have the life of reality; his characters are, generally, well-sustained; and his style, though frequently Latinized, *a la Milton*, and often turgid, is mostly characterized by originality, strength, freshness, brilliancy, and ease. This, in brief, is our solution of this little puzzle of a book; and it is a puzzle worth the trouble of being solved. We have read it with great zest.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JOHN COLLINS, late of the Ohio Conference. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1849.—As the author of this exceedingly interesting volume has modestly suppressed his name, and yet probably without any expectation of ultimate concealment, we can scarcely consider it a breach of etiquette to say, that the writer is Judge M'Lean, who possesses the advantage of having been an intimate friend of Mr. Collins, and a warm admirer of his character and talents. Any eulogy of the author, or of any thing coming from his pen, would be a supererogatory work. It is only necessary to announce, that the life of one of our greatest and best has been prepared by Judge M'Lean, and is now on sale by Swormstedt & Power, and by Lane & Scott, New York, and will be on sale very soon in all parts of the United States. It is not often that we have the privilege of making an announcement, which will give such satisfaction wherever it shall be read. The book begins with a short sketch of Mr. Collin's early life, then proceeds to the period of his active ministry, and presents a full length portrait of this great man from the commencement to the close of his glorious career. No one in the habit of selling books need hesitate to order a very large amount of copies, as we confidently believe they will go from his hands like the dew-drops of the morning from before a summer's sun.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST, a Discourse Preached on the Occasion of the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Beresford and Mrs. Eliza Holroyd. By B. P. Aydelotte, D. D.—We had the pleasure of hearing this able sermon, and have read it with great satisfaction since it has been in print. Dr. Aydelotte always preaches with the apparent purpose of benefiting his hearers in their spiritual concerns, and never for a parade of learning, though learned in fact, nor for a show of eloquence, though eloquent. This is a characteristic discourse. It contains, among many valuable things, a criticism on Burke's celebrated eulogy of John Howard, which must strike every evangelical man with great force. It seems that Burke, with all his admiration of Howard, nowhere speaks of his *Christian* character, though this was his crowning trait. This omission is justly reprimanded in courteous but severe terms. We would like to see this sermon in general circulation, as it is adapted to do a great amount of good.

WINTER'S WESTERN SCENERY.—We have received from the celebrated George Winter, the "Indian Painter," a pack-
age of colored drawings of western scenery. They are splendid—so splendid that we have resolved to get several of the scenes engraved for our next volume. They are rich and new.

THE HOLY HILL, revised by D. P. Kidder, is a fine series of illustrations of the characters described in the fifteenth Psalm.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THIS number, as the reader knows, closes the volume of our magazine, but we hope not the friendly connection between the editor and his many patrons.

It has become, we know, a fixed custom with nine-tenths, or more, of our best families to keep a sort of perpetual subscription to the Repository, whatever they do in relation to other periodicals; for, as this is the only *literary* publication of the connection—and it endeavors to be *moral* as well as literary—there is a very general resolution to possess every successive volume.

Many of them possess it from the beginning; and we have this moment before us a letter, calling for the entire nine volumes, from one of our first literary gentlemen of New York city. He says in his letter, that he wishes “to be able, in after years, to have before him the beginnings of the *literary history* of the most numerous and interesting denomination of Christians in the country, and to hand down these beginnings to his children and children’s children after him.” He is kind enough, also, to say, that those “parents, who now forego a privilege, which costs them but the trifling sum of two dollars annually, will some day deeply regret the mistake they are making.” Not only so, but our friend generously adds, that he “could name a single number, nay, a single article, in the current volume, [the volume now closed,] which was worth to him ten times the year’s subscription.” Finally, he closes his letter by saying, “Send me the work from the beginning; and consider me a *perpetual subscriber*, till you hear that I have passed from among the living; for there shall never be a year, while I live, that will not find me a reader, or at least a patron, of the Repository. Not that I have admired every article which I have read in it, but because I consider it pure in its moral influence, and by far the best monthly magazine for families in the country.”

We would gladly annex the name of this gentleman to these extracts had we his permission; but we will take the liberty to say, at a venture, that it is known in nearly every section of the union, and honored wherever it is known.

Another correspondent, whom many of our western readers will recognize, when we say he is one of the “older and abler” soldiers of Immanuel in the Mississippi valley, writes as follows:

“I have been a subscriber to your periodical from the beginning. I took the very first number, when it was edited by Bishop Hamline. I took it while under the management of Dr. Thomson. I have taken it during your editorship. I take it still; and I intend always to take it. Two dollars are no great thing any how; and then it is given to the cause of the poor widow and her orphan children. So that, if I didn’t get a cent’s profit from it, I am doing good by being a subscriber, and that to the suffering and unfortunate. Sickness and other troubles have affected my little income the past year; but then, I say, it is but two dollars, and goes to the orphan and widows. And if it has been a hard year for me, what, I often ask myself, has it not been to them! And how many has death this year added to the list?”

Though we might make a very long chapter of kind and generous extracts from the letters of our correspondents, we must not proceed much farther; and it is also a delicate task to give them at all, without affixing the writer’s names to them. The following we are at liberty to publish with its proper signature:

“The Ladies’ Repository, which we have known from its first existence, comes to us twelve times a year richly laden with the choicest productions. As a tried friend, it bears the test. Though subject to some changes, they have been those to which we do not object: only an addition of intrinsic worth which but increased the power of imparting pleasure.

“Often, very often, has my full heart desired to echo back the pleasure it received monthly from this intellectual, spiritual messenger. Under varied circumstances has it come to our rural, retired dwelling. When the itinerant husband and father was away from his home, trying to gather the sinful wanderer into the Divine fold, the mother, surrounded by their tender offspring, hailed the Repository as a sweet assistant in training those little lambs of their bosom for the same fold.

“Many times, whilst thus surrounded, reading its pages, the

little ones would look wistfully at their mother, as the tears were coursing each other down her face, or from their own soul-lit eyes would beam innocent delight and intelligence, as she would read something suited to their young capacities. When the dark cloud of affliction hovered over us, this messenger of mercy always afforded a solace to calm the troubled heart, and remind it of immortal joys, if faithful through this vale of tears.

“Since the last month of the past year, the Repository has been doubly dear. If you wish to know why, it is because, in that month, a sweet bud of love, which had been drooping during the autumn, passed away. We had but two on earth; and one of them—the youngest—our only daughter—was borne away from us by the chilly waves of death. She had been nine and a half years the nestling of her mother’s bosom. But in the evening twilight, the time she was wont to kneel by her mother’s side in prayer, her gentle spirit left ‘e’en as a breeze hath blown.’ In the Repository I find something that touches a cord in my bereaved heart. In most expressive language I see portrayed the deep feelings of my own stricken heart, since the taking away of that last sweet gift of Heaven. To Professor Larrabee I turned, to read again, in the autumn of 1846, from his pen, a sketch ‘of loveliness, of gentleness, of purity,’ which draws tears from my eyes like rain; and I have wondered if Mary had yet recognized the little Emma Rosabelle of whom she had heard her mother read.

“Our Mary was a Christian. Young as she was, she had given her heart to God; and though to be separated from her mother seemed a greater trial than to meet death, still she ‘wanted to go to her home in heaven, away from this sinful world.’ I weep not because she is in heaven. ‘But I must weep’ to lose one ‘who loved me as none ever loved before, and as I may never hope to be loved again.’

“These are a few of the reasons why I love the Ladies’ Repository, and have recommended it to many of my sex. Though the number of our periodical family amounts to twelve, the Repository loses nothing by comparison. We dearly love our own little infant, the Southern Lady’s Companion, and are fondly watching its growth and improvement. And when we occasionally glean from Godey’s Lady’s Book such pieces as the Swedish Friend, of Mrs. S. J. Hale, we love and admire such a Christian character. But as a lovely, beautiful daughter, with surpassing intellect, we regard that from the Queen City.

M. L. KELLEY.”

But we have no right to suppose that all our patrons feel as favorably to our labors as the correspondents here quoted, though we know we have now in our drawers *hundreds* of similar communications. The truth of it is, an editor needs a pretty good share of this sort of testimonials in order to keep up his spirits; for he has a greater variety and contradiction of tastes to deal with, and is thereby more liable to cross the tastes of some class or another of his patrons, than almost any man in public station. Still, we never feel entirely disheartened with this state of things; for, in looking around us, we can hear of no one, not even the most gifted and the most perfect, against whom there are not complaints of some character. What editor, what minister, what physician, what lawyer, what business man, what citizen, nay, what man or woman is there, in all the land, who is entirely free from censure? We are all of us fallible creatures, and have many things to be sorry for; and it is very probable that the person who censures his fellow-sinners most is himself the most censurable. The best way for us all, it seems to us, is to be pretty kind toward each other’s failings, and, in striking the general balance for the year, to be good-natured, and agree to “quit even.” This, we know, is not the way we are to be judged at last by our supreme Governor; but it is the rule which our Savior has given us by which to mete out our censures to one another—“Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.”

We are not certain, after all, even with the benefit of this golden precept, that we shall not find ourselves too great a debtor to entertain a reasonable hope of *quitting even* with the public. We can say, however, from the bottom of our heart, that we have tried to do our duty in the fear of God and with a due regard to an enlightened public sentiment. We have treated

our correspondents as, under the same circumstances, we would be treated. We have endeavored, also, to do what we could for the pleasure and profit of our readers. Nor have we any reason to complain, but every reason to be thankful, for the reception which our poor labors have met with in almost every quarter; for the occasional little raps that have been given us upon the knuckles, by two or three of our newspaper friends, in regard to our series of articles now concluded—and for ever concluded—hardly form an exception to the general kindness for which we feel bound to express this gratitude. And these raps themselves have been given under such a misapprehension of the real character of the articles, that we have felt complimented by the notice taken of them. Still, as the general topic, rather than the occasion for here introducing it, is one at all times interesting to us and to all men of true Christian feeling, we will take the liberty to say now, once for all, whatever we have to say upon this subject.

We cannot feel otherwise than thankful, that more than three years have passed since we came to this position, during all which time, until a month or two since, we have never seen any thing in reproof of our editorial contributions; and the slight taps that we have now received, in relation to our Shoulder-Knot articles, are given in such an equivocal manner, that we can hardly tell whether to feel gratified or mortified. It is certainly gratifying to find that there is such a general hostility to fiction, that history itself, if written with a little less than ordinary dullness, excites suspicion; for we at once claim to have contributed quite our full proportion, both before and since our editorial career began, to this good state of feeling. For the last twenty years we have been battling against this species of writing; we have shown our hostility to it, not only in the pulpit and through the press, and that constantly for this long period, but by never having read five chapters of a novel, with but a single exception, since we had a being; and what we did once read, during a season of convalescence from a severe and protracted illness, was perused by the advice of our family physician, who, queer as it may sound, did actually prescribe a few volumes of Walter Scott as a medicine. Our reading had always been of such a black-letter, skull-cracking character, that he thought, perhaps unwisely, that a little amusement from these books would be serviceable to health. This was in 1835. We read the volumes prescribed, got well, and have never read a novel from that day to this; but we have raised our voice against them, and that understandingly and emphatically, as we have seen the most alarming consequences to others come from the perusal of them.

With this gratification there has been mingled a little mortification, as there seem to be some amongst us, and those of some pretensions to knowledge, who do not appear to know when they are reading facts and when fiction. They are not quite certain whether we have told the story of the marriage of Charles the First of England according to historical records, or have manufactured our own records. Because the story is somewhat romantic, they can hardly credit it as a reality, not knowing that the marriage of Charles the First is a romance in history; nor do they seem to perceive that the greater part of our series makes no pretensions to be either history or fiction, but speculation. The truth is, however, that the Shoulder-Knot carries two distinct characters. It is made up of *fact* and *philosophy*. The story part of it relates *facts—historical facts—facts* pretty thoroughly known to all persons well-read in history. The other part consists of philosophical speculations, wherein the author gives his opinions, and the opinions of those represented, of our present life, of hell, and of heaven, besides connecting his views of the physical, intellectual, and spiritual life of man with the great world's history. Indeed, the story is not at all prized by the writer for its own sake, but only as the vehicle by which he conveys these opinions on the highest earthly and religious topics to his readers. He chose this mode of conveyance in place of a series of philosophical and religious essays; and those who have not seen this very evident design, must have failed to do so by not having interest enough in the subjects to give our series a perusal.

To allay all fears, now and for ever, respecting the historical character of our story, we will here plainly say, that we have

gathered our materials, by a very extensive course of reading, from more than one hundred volumes of authentic history; and though it would be impossible, without unnecessary pains, to cite chapter and verse in so many works where we have got a fact, or a hint, or a scrap, in the course of studying and writing, we will give the following as among the reliable authorities from which our materials have been taken. Having daily access to the largest and best libraries in the Mississippi valley, we have consulted, we have no doubt, a great many authors, whom we cannot now remember. The following we happened to minute upon our manuscript: Hardwicke State Papers, Howell's Letters, Reliquiae Wattoniana, Sir Henry Ellis' Original Letters, (1623,) Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Bacon's Works, Works of Sir Walter Raleigh, Life of Raleigh, by Tytler and by Cayley, D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, Camden's Annals of James I of England, Burnet's History of his own Times, Dunlop's Memoirs of Spain, Clarendon's State Papers, Italian Translation of Mendozza, Meade's Epistles, Les Larmes de l'Angleterre, Ambassades de Bassompierre, Somer's Tracts, Craik and Macfarlane's History of England, vol. iii, and Lord Haile's Memorials.

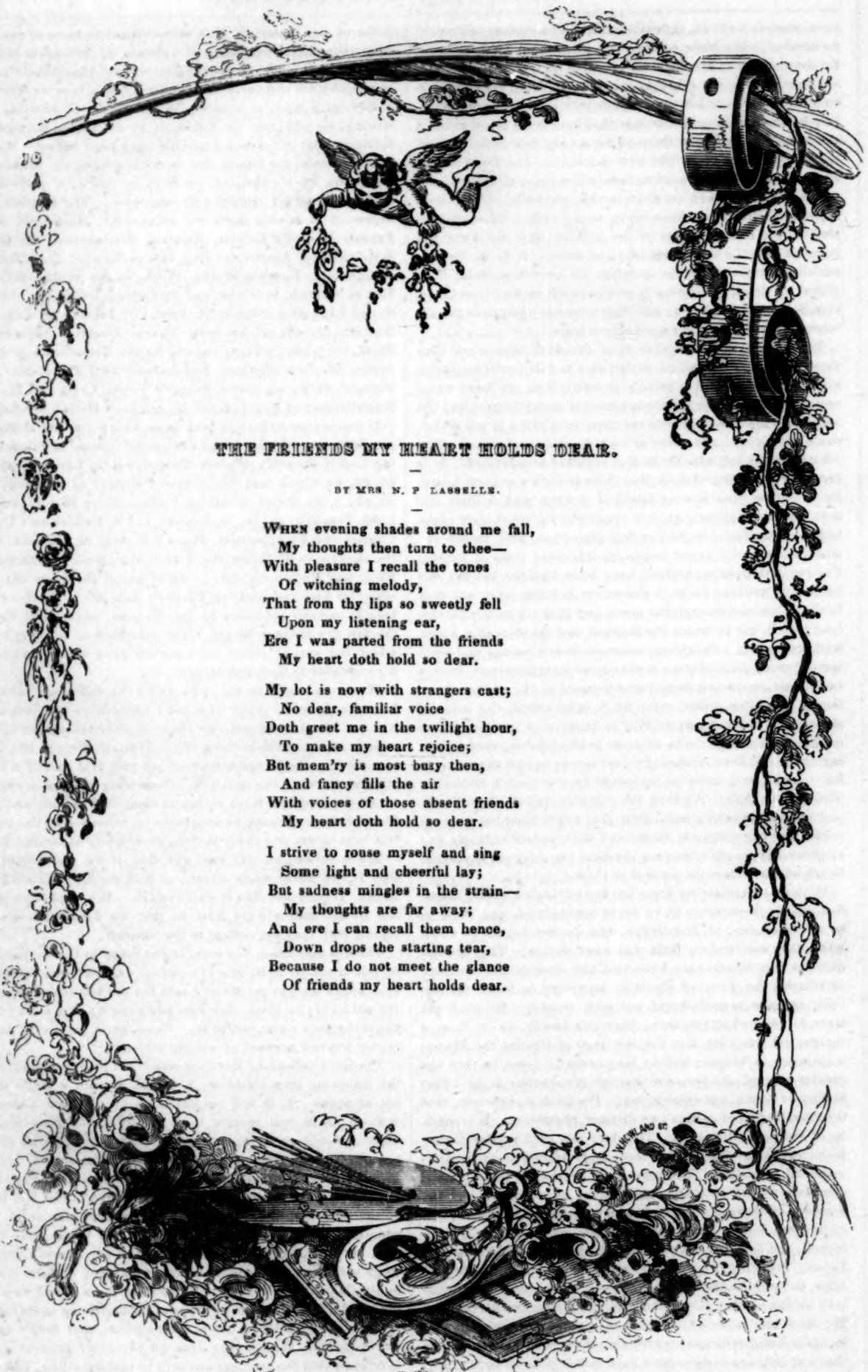
If our reader wishes to look more nicely into the sources of our facts, we cite him to the designated places in the following works: Russell's Modern Europe, vol. ii, Letter 2, pp. 59, 61, 62, 64, Craik and Macfarlane's History of England, vol. iii, ch. 1, pp. 2-241, inclusive, Parliamentary History, vol. vi, p. 66, Franklin, pp. 71, 72, Kennet, p. 776, Sanderson's Life of Charles the First, *passim*, Hume's History of England, from the Accession of James the First to the Death of Charles the First, and Rushworth, vol. i. Or if any of these are inaccessible, let him just pick up Pardoe's Life of Louis the Fourteenth, recently published by the Harpers, and he will find in the first five chapters of vol. i, the substance of the very story, which our unread critics have looked upon with a shyness so discreditable to their knowledge.

Many, we ought to say, who know the difference between history and fiction, have expressed an opinion in this matter; and our friends may not complain, if, after taking out all the eulogy of a candid notice, which Wm. C. Bryant has been pleased to make of our magazine, we give that part of it bearing directly upon the question. Perceiving the *double character* of our Shoulder-Knot series, as composed of *facts and philosophical speculations*, he concludes his reference by the words, "A very clever and lively sketch, *principally historical*."

In conclusion, we will here add, that, if we know what fiction is, we never wrote a word of it in our life, and we never shall. We do not like it well enough. We hope, therefore, our friends will always trust us that we *know* what we are about, until they are *certain* to the contrary.

There is one thing, however, rather funny in this matter. A female friend of ours, who remembers days of yore, when certain books used to get thrown into the fire whenever we could lay our hands on them, and who has been waiting a long time to get the joke on us, writes us, "Good, good, good—the novel-burner himself accused of writing fiction!"

The *tenth* volume of the Repository will be characterized by the following improvements: 1. It will contain a larger number of pages. 2. It will employ more of our best American writers. 3. It will receive more contributions from foreign countries—not gossiping newspaper letters, but articles on interesting topics, from writers of high reputation. 4. It will give, in every alternate number, a piece of music adapted to the piano, from the pen of Professor Werner, who has been pronounced the best composer and the best pianist in this country. 5. Its engravings will be, on the whole, one hundred per cent. better than the average of our former volumes. They will be new, striking, and original, many of them scenes in the Mississippi valley. Any four of them would cost, at the usual prices, as much as the year's subscription to this magazine. The Publishers say in their circular, that they "confidently believe, though they have no pecuniary interest whatever in it, that the next volume will be *much* the best, *in every way*, ever issued of this work." For ourselves, we are pledged to use our best endeavors to make the *tenth* volume of the Ladies' Repository an honor to its friends and patrons.



THE FRIENDS MY HEART HOLDS DEAR.

BY MRS. N. P. LASSELLE.

WHEN evening shades around me fall,
My thoughts then turn to thee—
With pleasure I recall the tones
Of witching melody,
That from thy lips so sweetly fell
Upon my listening ear,
Ere I was parted from the friends
My heart doth hold so dear.

My lot is now with strangers cast;
No dear, familiar voice
Doth greet me in the twilight hour,
To make my heart rejoice;
But mem'ry is most busy then,
And fancy fills the air
With voices of those absent friends
My heart doth hold so dear.

I strive to rouse myself and sing
Some light and cheerful lay;
But sadness mingleth in the strain—
My thoughts are far away;
And ere I can recall them hence,
Down drops the starting tear,
Because I do not meet the glance
Of friends my heart holds dear.

